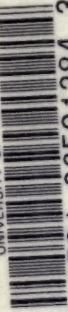
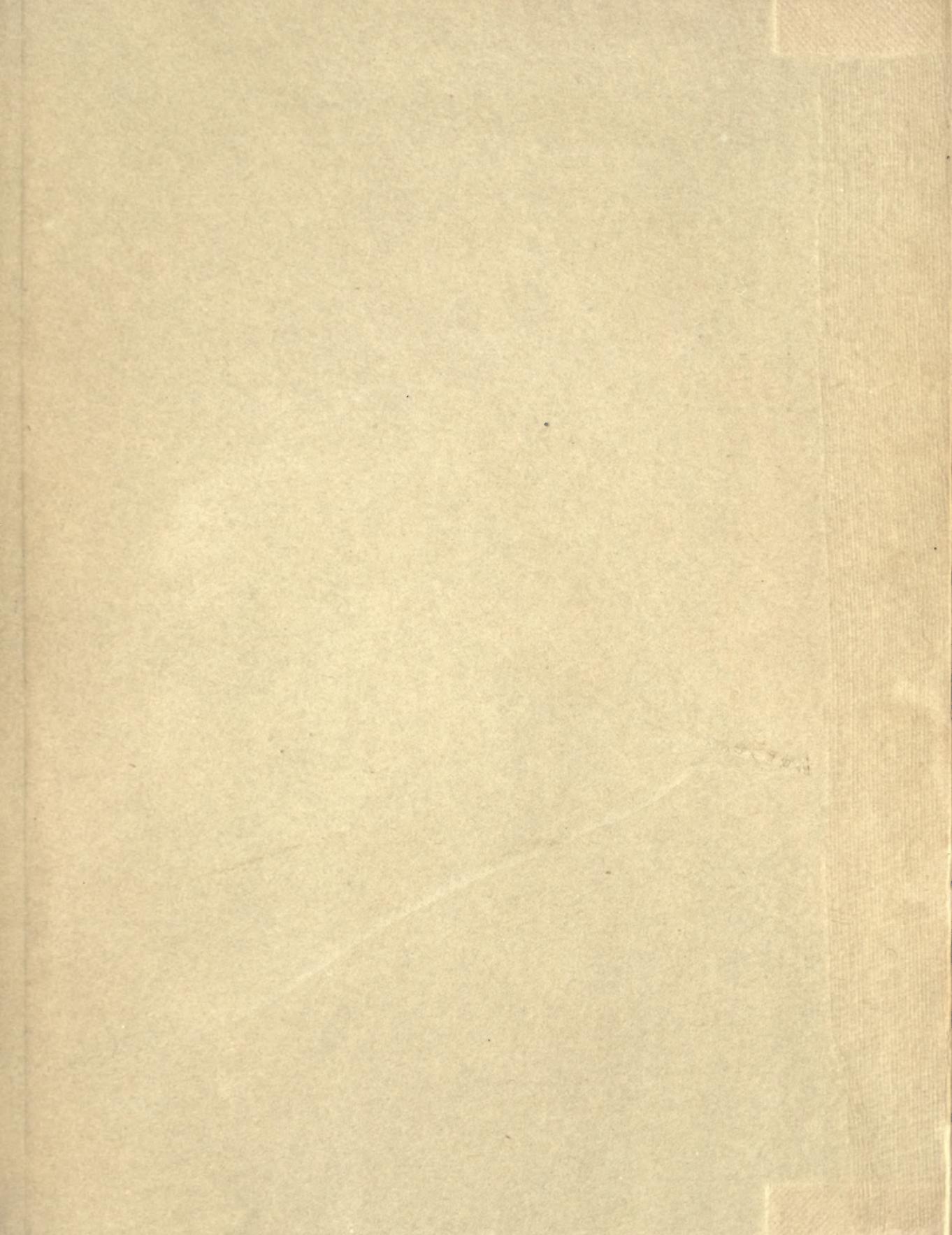


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## The Tudor Facsimile Texts

# The Tide Tarrieth No Man

By GEORGE WAPULL

*Date of only known Edition . . . . .* 1576

[B.M., C. 34, f. 45]

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts  
[Vol. 131]

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

**The Tide Tarrieth No Man**

*By GEORGE WAPULL*

1576

*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*  
**THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS**  
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# The Tide Tarrieth No Man

By GEORGE WAPULL

1576

*The only known early edition of this play is that now presented in facsimile, the original of which is in the British Museum.*

*Until "the Irish Find," the only other copy known was that, formerly Heber's, now at Chatsworth.*

*Of George Wapull the "Dictionary of National Biography" makes no mention whatever.*

*Mr. J. A. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, after comparing this facsimile with the original, says it is again "very excellent."*

JOHN S. FARMER.



THE  
Tyde taryeth no Man.

A MOSTE PLEA-  
sant and merry commy, right  
pythie and full of delight.

Compiled by George Wapull.

¶ Fowre persons may easily play it.

1. The phologue, Hurtfull help, the Tenant,  
Faithfull few for one.
2. Paynted pralyte, No god Neighbourhood,  
the Courter, Wastulnelle, Christianite,  
Correction for another.
3. Courage the Vice, Deitor, for another.
4. Haymedurtheaunce, Crediness the Mar-  
chaunt, Wantonnesse the Woman, the Ser-  
vant, Authority and Dispayre, for another.

¶ Imprinted at London, in Fleete-

Street, beneath the Conduite, at the

Signe of Saynt Iohn Euaungelist,

by Hugh Iackson.

1576.







## The Prologue.

**Q**uo the worme which in the timber is bred,  
The selfe same timber doth consume and eate:  
And as the meth which is commonly sed,  
In the cloth with her bred, and the same doth crete.  
So many persons are a damage great,  
To their own countrey, which hath them reliued,  
And by them their own countrey ofte times is grieved.

**Q**uo many citties and townes are defamed,  
By reason that some inhabitauntes is ill:  
So that for ones sake, the whole towne is blamed,  
Although the residue to god doe their will.  
Yet the fact of this one, the others god name doth spill,  
And thus a reproch to his oion towne engendreth,  
And the god name of the whole towne he hindereth.

**Q**uo what ende these wordes we haue spoken,  
In our matter shalbe more playnely exprest,  
Whiche the Tide foriceth no man, to name hath token,  
For that it is moste agreeable and best.  
Because that no man from his pleasure will rest,  
But ech man doth take the tyme of his gayne,  
Although the same be to others great payne.

**Q**uo so greedy is the person avaricious,  
Whome Saint Austin doth well liken to hell,  
For that they both are so much infacious,  
That neyther of them know when they are well.  
And Ambrosius doth verifly and tell,  
How that covetous persons do lack that they haue,  
And therefore not satisfied till they are in graue.

**Q**uo But where such people are, small loue there doth rest,  
But greedy desyre supplieth the place:  
The simple ones commonly, by such are oppress,  
For they nothing way, any needy mans case.

A. y.

But

## I he Prologue.

But with greedy grype, their gayne they imbrace,  
No kind of degree that they will forbear,  
Nether any time they will let slip or spare.

Item although that here a Courtyer is named,  
Yet thereby is not ment the Courtyer alone :  
But all kindes of persons, who their suites haue framed  
Or to any such greedy goutes, haue made their mone.  
Being driven to their shutes, to haue ought by lone,  
How greedinesse at such times, doth get what he can,  
And therfore still cryeth, Tyde tarieth no man.

¶ Which proverbe right well might be applyed,  
To a better sence then it is vsed :  
There is time to aske grace, this may not be denied,  
Of thy sinfull life so greatly abused.  
Let not that time then be refused,  
For that tyde most certayne will tarry no man,  
Thus taking the proverbe, we rightly do scan.

¶ Thus worshippfull Audynce, our Author desyreth,  
That this his me you will not depreue :  
But if any fault be, he humbly requireth,  
That due intelligence thereof he may haue,  
Committing himselfe to your discretions graue,  
And thus his Prologue he rudely doth end,  
For at hand to approche, the Players intend.

¶ Fright.

¶ Courage.





## Courage the Vice entreth.

To the Barge to,  
Come they that will go,  
Why sirs I say whan:  
It is high tyde,  
We may not abide,  
Tide taryeth no man.  
If ye will not go,  
Why then tell me so,  
D else come away straignt:  
If you come not soone,  
You shall haue no roome.  
for we haue almost our frayte  
There are flurers great,  
Who their brynges doe beat,  
In deuising of guyles:  
False dealers also,  
A thousand and mo,  
Whiche know stoe of wyles.  
Crafty cutpurles,  
Haydens mylchmures,  
Valuies of the stampe:  
Who loue mo then one,  
For lying alone,  
Is yll for the crampfe.  
Husbandes as god,  
As wigges made of wood:  
We haue there also,  
With seruautes so sure,  
As packth; cd most pure,  
Whiche men away tho.  
There are such a sight,  
I cannot resite,  
The halse that we haue:  
And I of this Barge,  
Haue the greatest charge,  
Their lines for to saue.

Courage contagious,  
D courage contrarie,  
Lat is my name:  
To which that I will,  
My mind to fefill,  
My maners I frame.  
Courage contagious,  
When I am onragious,  
In working of yll:  
And Courage contrary,  
When that I dee vary,  
To compasse my will.  
For as in the Ee,  
For certayne we see,  
Sweete horty and sting:  
So I in my mind,  
The better to blind,  
Two courages bring.  
And as with the sowre,  
Eth day and hower,  
The Phisition inueneth:  
To mingle as meeke,  
Something that is sweete,  
Whiche his pacient conseteth.  
Cuen so some while,  
To colour my guile,  
Do geue courage to god:  
For I by that meane,  
Will conuey very cleake,  
And not be vnderstood.  
Now syz to shewe,  
Whethere we do goe,  
Will doe very well,  
We meane to preuayle,  
And therefore we sayle,  
To the Diuell of hell.

A.ig.

And

## A new Commodity called

And though it be faire,  
Yet welcome we are,  
Wherethen we come:  
So therer there is,  
Wherof we shall misse,  
But be sure of some.  
I Corage do call,  
Both great and small,  
To the Barge of borne:  
Wher in they doe wallop,  
Evill hall doe hem swallopp.  
That is all they do win.  
Wher come ye away,  
Thus still I doe say,  
As lowe as I can:  
Hunting helpe, Paynted profite, Fayned furtherance,  
By the misse syr sae where he is.  
I tond thā that heare we shold hym not misse.  
God mayster Corage most hartely god euēn, Salute corage,  
In sayth my friendes welcome, all thāt by saynt Stevēn  
Jesys god I oþd hōw doe ye fare?  
Cover your heads, why are you bare?  
And how sy: s, now sy: s, leads you your lines,  
Which of all you three, now the best th:nes?  
Tush man neke of us can doe amisse,  
For we doe alwayes take tyme whil tyme is.  
And where ever we gēe like crunsayle we gine,  
Telling all men that herē they shall not still tine.  
I theretn he itself, I helpe, thou doſte very well,  
The Lyde tareth no man, thou must alwayes tell.  
I indeede harsfull helpe, that is my name,  
But I wond not that all men shold know the same.  
For I am a bicker the truth is so,  
Wherfore if men in we harsfullnesse shold knew,  
There are fewe e: none that with me woud deale,  
Therefore this wōrd harsfull I never speake.





## The Tide taryeth no Man.

My name I say, playne Helpe to be,  
Wherfore ech man for helpe doth come unto me,  
God mayster Helpe helpe to that or this,  
And of god reward you shall not misse.

Prosite.      ¶ And as thou from Helpe, hurtfull doste shrow,  
So paynted, from Profyte, I must forgoe,  
For if any man know me, for profyte but paynted,  
Men will but little with me be acquaynted.  
My mayster who a god gentleman is,  
Thinketh me as profitable as he can wish.  
So that playne Profyte, he thinketh my name,  
And before his face, my deedes shew the same.  
Further.      ¶ Farewell my maysters for I may hence walke,  
For I see you two will haue all the talkie.

Fayne i going out.

Corage.      ¶ What sayned Furtheraunce are you so coy,  
Will you neuer leaue the trickes of a boy,  
Come agayne I say, leaft I doe you fet,  
And say what thou wilt, here shall no man fet.

Further.      ¶ Set mee?  
Corage.      ¶ Vea set thee.  
Further.      ¶ Harry doe what thou dare.  
Corage.      ¶ That will I not spare.    Out quickly with his dagger.  
Helpe.        ¶ God syz hold your hand, and beare with his rudenesse,  
Corage.        ¶ Nay I cannot noz will not suffer his Lewdenesse.  
Further.        ¶ Lush a sigge for him, let him doe what he can.  
Corage.        ¶ Alas syz who are you, but a Parchauntes man,  
God syz what you are, we know right well,  
Who is your mayster, and where you doe dwell,  
You professe that your mayster you doe greatly further,  
And yet for his goddes, you would him gladly murther.  
Further.        ¶ If so I doe wish, it is long of thee,  
For thou therewerto haste encouraged me.  
Profyte.        ¶ What hast I say, no more of these wordes,  
For appeaching oft, the appeacher disturbes.

Be.

## A new Commodity called

Further. Corage. We friendes agayne as you were at the first,  
Let ech man lay the best, and leane out the wort.  
¶ I for my pa't doe therunto consent. And shake handes.  
¶ Then gene me thy hand if thou be content.  
Now are we friendes, as at first we were,  
Therefore straight way thy mind let vs here.  
¶ Truly I meane to doe eten as doe the rest,  
For in mine opinion that is the best,  
And as hurting helpe, hath hurting forgone,  
And paynted p;rofyt, is profyte alone,  
So I layned furtheraunce, henceforth doe minde,  
To be furtheraunce playne, leauing farned behond:  
Other mens furtheraunce to seeke I will say,  
Yet will I seeke mine owne as much as I may.  
Corage. ¶ Else werte thou by wile, yea and a very sole,  
Thou learnedost none otherwile, I crow in my schoole.  
I am a scholemayster for you thre most sytle,  
Who indued you with courage, in stead of great wytte.  
Help. ¶ To be our mayster wilt thou take in hand,  
Why we are as god as thou, thou shalt understand.  
Corage. ¶ Alas pore knaues, what could you thre doe,  
If you haue not courage belonging thereto.  
Help. ¶ And what can courage doe without helpe,  
As much as a kittling o; sucking whelpe.  
Corage. ¶ And by hurtfull helpe, what am I the better,  
Being holpe to a hurt, I am no great getter.  
Help. ¶ It is folly with thre thus to contend,  
We are as god as thou, and so I doe ende.  
Corage. ¶ Since that by wordes I can no maystry haue,  
I would proue what my manhood wyl doe sy; knaue.  
Prosite. ¶ Why arte thou blind, mayest thou not see,  
That agayne the one, we are here thre.  
Corage. ¶ And what can thre doe agaynst one,  
I having courage, and they having none.  
Therefore courage will clau you o; you goe hence,  
How defend your selues I will see your fence.

¶ What





# The I ide taryeth no Man.

Help.

¶ That Corage I say thy hand now stay.

Corage.

¶ Will you then consent to that which I say.

Help.

¶ There is no remedie but we must consent;  
Sometime's it is god a soles minde to content;  
Therefore I am content to be thine inferiour,  
And I will from henceforth take thee for superiour.

Corage.

¶ And so will the residue I trow also.

Profyte.

¶ If you say I syz, we will not say no.

Corage.

¶ Well syz, then I will shew you my minde,  
But syr I will discribe your, ech one in his kunde.  
Thou helpe arte a broker, betwete man and man,  
Wher by much deceipte thou vsest now and than,  
Profyte is one, who by service in figh,  
Doth cause his mayster to thinke him most right,  
A profytale seruante, he thinketh him to be,  
Because he is profytale, while he doth him see,  
And fayned Furtheradine, doth fayne him to farther,  
His mayster and others, whome fayne he would myghter,  
Thus in seeking welth you all doth agree,  
And yet you professe other's friendes for to be,

Profyte.

¶ Ne quisque sapit, qui sibi non sapit,  
This saying I redde, when as I went to schoole,  
One not wise for himselfe, is but a very sole.

Help.

¶ By my troth, and of that opinion am I,

Further.

And in that opinion I meane so to dye.

¶ I lish why spend you tyme in speaking of that,  
While theron you talke, in dayne is your that,  
For who helpe's not himselfe, before any other,  
I count him a sole, if he were my brother,  
And as I count him, all people doe so,  
Therefore cease this talke, and hence let vs go,  
For some of vs may chaunce to mete with a chidng,  
Because that so long from home we are biding.

Profyte.

¶ By S. Anne I thinke therein thou say well,

For I know theron I am like to hele ten.

Corage.

¶ Why man a little while breaketh no square.

# A new Commodity called

elpe. ¶ Tush helpe hath excuse, to colour that care.  
urther. ¶ Yea but already we have tarryed to long.  
elpe. ¶ Whyn then ye were best goe without a song.  
urther. ¶ Nay I will tarry to sing, though therefore I should dye.  
profite. ¶ My helpe to singing, I did never denye.  
prage. ¶ Whyn then sayes you at it coragiously.

## The Song.

Fyft Corage causeth mindes of men,  
to wish for god or ill:  
And some by Corage now and then,  
at Tyme ne make their will.  
Helpe, Profite, and Furtheraunce do sayne,  
Whiche Corage doth catch in any mans brayne.

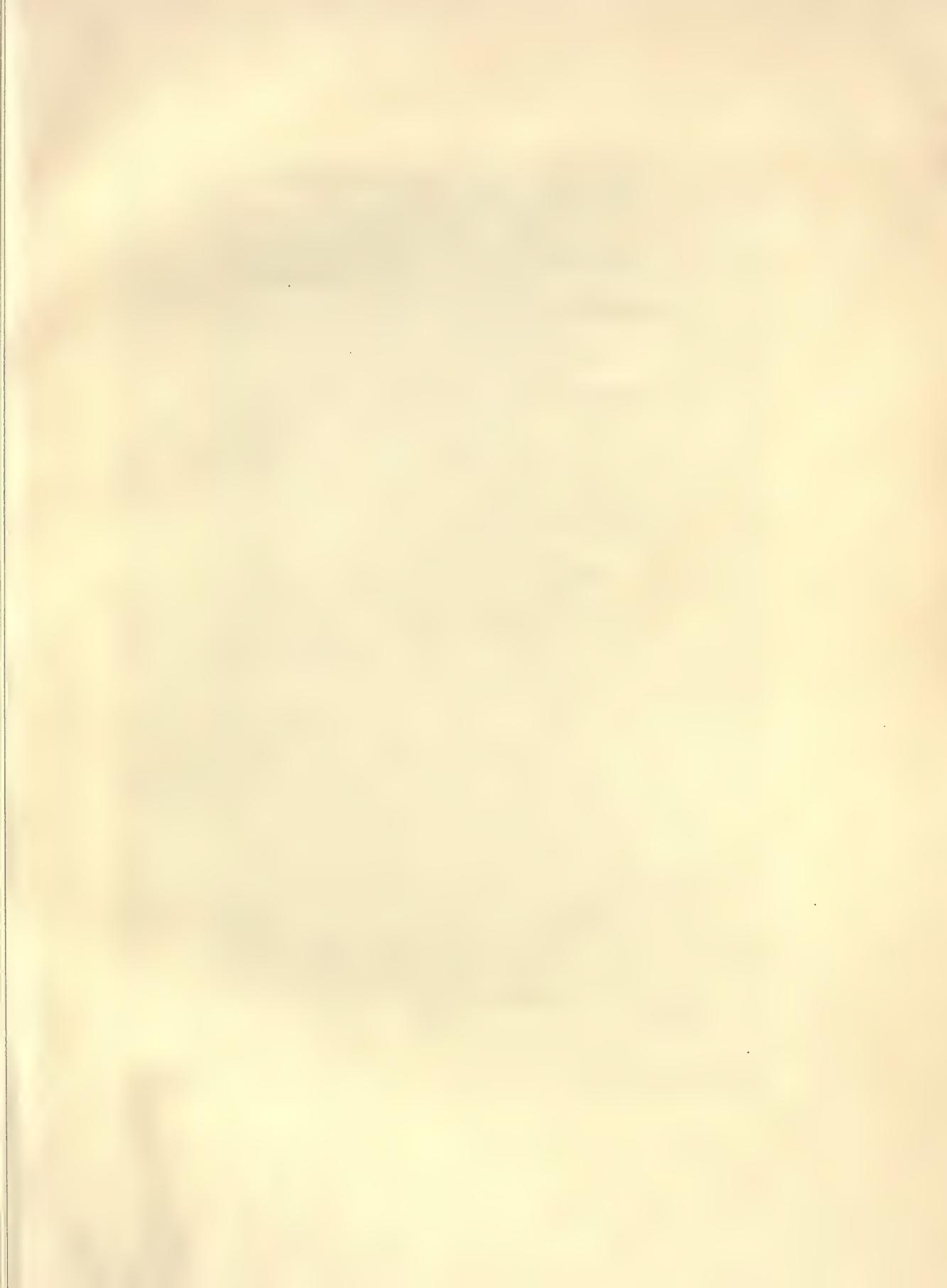
¶ Then helpe in hope to haue his pray,  
full secrely doth wayte:  
And as the tyme doth serue alway,  
he throweth forth his bayte.  
Helpe, Profite, &c.

¶ Profite prolongeth not the tyme,  
to please his paynted mind:  
He passeth not though mayster pyne,  
so he ha[ve] pleasure find.  
Helpe, Profite, &c.

¶ And Furtheraunce, shou last of all,  
he came into the rowte:  
He wayeth not his maysters shall,  
nor seekes to helpe him out.  
Helpe, Profite, &c.

Finis.

ro. Fur. ¶ Now Corage fare well for we must be gone;  
elpe. ¶ Nay sayes you two shall not go alone.





## The Tyde taryeth no Man.

For I doe meane to beare you company,  
And so shall we be euen a whole trinity.  
Therefore Corage adewe. They three go out.  
By; here was a trinity in a witnesse,  
A man might haue hapte thre knaues by their likenesse,  
A trinity much like to the trinity of late,  
Wher god wife Cull, brake her goodmans pate.  
In came her man to make vp the number,  
Who had his nose shode, with the steale of a scumber.  
But in fyne, these thre began to agree,  
And knit them selues vp in one trinity.  
And after they loued like brother and brother,  
For very lone, they did kill one another.  
And then they were buried, I doe well remember,  
In Stalworts strawone hat, vij. mile from December.  
Wher they had not lyen the space of a day,  
But sover of those thre, were thence run away.  
The Constable came, with a backe on his bill,  
And because they were gone, he did them kill.  
Corage so cleft their Cushions a sunder,  
To see how they bled, it made me to wonder.  
I my selfe was smitten twise to the ground,  
I was very sore hurt, but I had not a wound.  
I busked my selfe as though fight I would,  
And tooke me to my legges as fast as I could.  
And so with much paine hither I did come,  
But hush! sya I say, no moe wordes but mum.  
Tushe tolke not of that, for in bayne you doe prate,  
For there are none but scoles, that welthines doe hate.  
What Greediness I say, why what is the matter,  
Wylster welthincle I would say, whereon doe you clatter?  
What old friend Corage, arte thou so neare hand,  
Marry I will shew the, how the matter doth stand.  
As I walked along, through by the crete,  
By such wayes as mine affayres did lie:  
It was my chaunce with a preacher to mete,

W.y.

Whose

Corage.

Greedines  
enter.

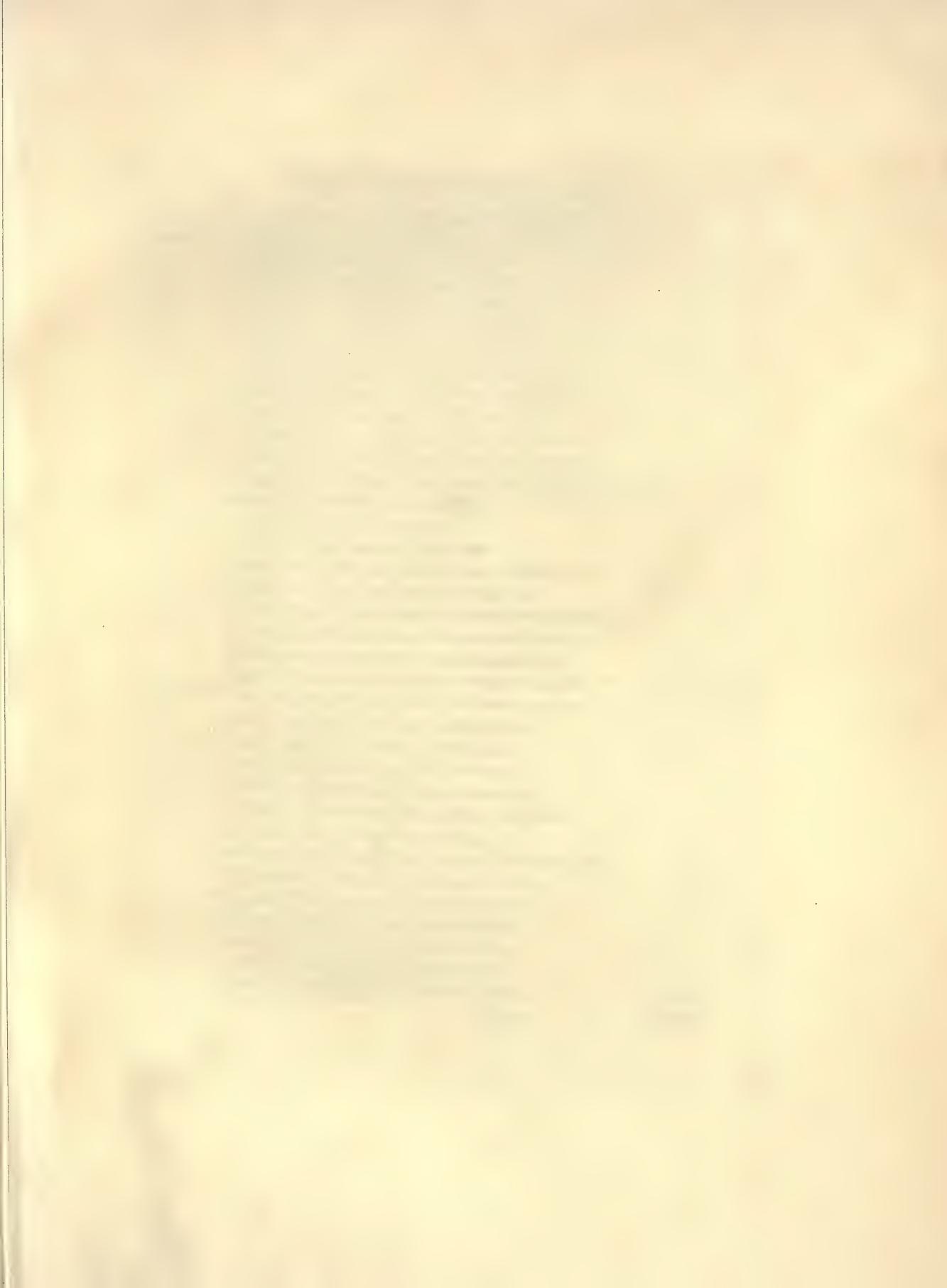
Corage.

Greedines

## A new Commodity called

Whose company to have I did not deny,  
And as we two together did walke,  
Amongst other communication we had,  
The Preacher brake out with reprochable talkie:  
Saying that we citizens were all to bad,  
Some of vs he sayeth are greedy golde all:  
And euell members of a comynge welthe,  
He sayeth we care not whome we bring to thrall,  
Neither have we regard unto our soules health,  
His talkie I confesse my conscience did nip,  
Wherfore no longer I wold him abide,  
But sodenly I gane him the slip,  
And crossed the way to the other syde.  
So alone I let mayster Preacher walke,  
And here by chaunce I stumbld in.  
And arte thou so swolish for any such talkie,  
To cease or stay thy welthe for to win.  
Herra, he cried out of exceſſive gayne,  
Saying when any of our wares haue neede,  
Then doe we boyl them vp to their payne,  
And commonly make them pay for their spedde.  
I perceive that fellow was hote of the spirite,  
He wold not haue you take time while time is,  
If ye follow his camzell, he will begger you quite,  
But what aunswere diddest thou geue him to this?  
Well by thou knowest my quallity is such,  
That by contrary talkie, I use no man to blame,  
For although often my doinges they touch,  
Yet my talkie alwayes to the tyme I frame.  
Wher he sayd exceſſive gayners were ill,  
I layd it them it was a shame,  
And in all thinges else, I pleased his will:  
And so I sayned my selfe without blame.  
Thou doltē wisely therein, I commend theſe therfore,  
For what ever thou thinke, yet say as they dor,  
So halfe thou haue their smoures euermore.

Am





# The Tyde taryeth no Man.

And that way no blame thou shalt come vnto.

**Greedines** *Q* Pea but truly his wordes did my conscience prick,  
Of me he did so unhappely gesse,  
I promise the he touched me vnto the quick,  
For that in gayning I vsed excesse.

*Q* y conscience doth tell me, I haue done amisse,

And of long time I haue gone astray,

As a thousand witnessess the conscience is,

As halust in molte playne wordes doth say.

**Corage.** *Q* Why doltish patch, arte thou so vnwise,  
To quayle for the saying of such a knaue,  
Thou knowest all the world will the despyle,  
And a beggling thou mayst goe, if that naught thou haue.

And how shalt thou haue ought,

If thy gayne be not great?

Consider this well in thy minde,

Remember thy house, and thy wife that peate,

Must still be kept in their costly kinde:

Therefore take the time, while the time doth serue,

Tyde taryeth no man, this thou doolle know,

If thy goods decay, then mayst thou sterue,

So doing thou seekest thine own ouerthow.

**Greedines** *Q* In dede as thou sayest, it doth me behoue,  
Not so rashly to lay my gayning aside,  
Least so my selfe a sole I doe proue,  
By shooting from my profyte so wyde:

I consider my welth is now at god stray,

Whiche I would be loth shold be impared,

For once rich, and after in decay,

Is a miserable thing, as Hyemes hath declared.

Therefore I meane thy councell to take,

Least of that misery I know the smart,

Then is it to late any mane to make,

Or from such foolishnesse to reuert.

Therefore Corage adew vnto thee,

For it behoueth me hence to departe.

*W.ig.*

*Exiung.*

*Q* Adew

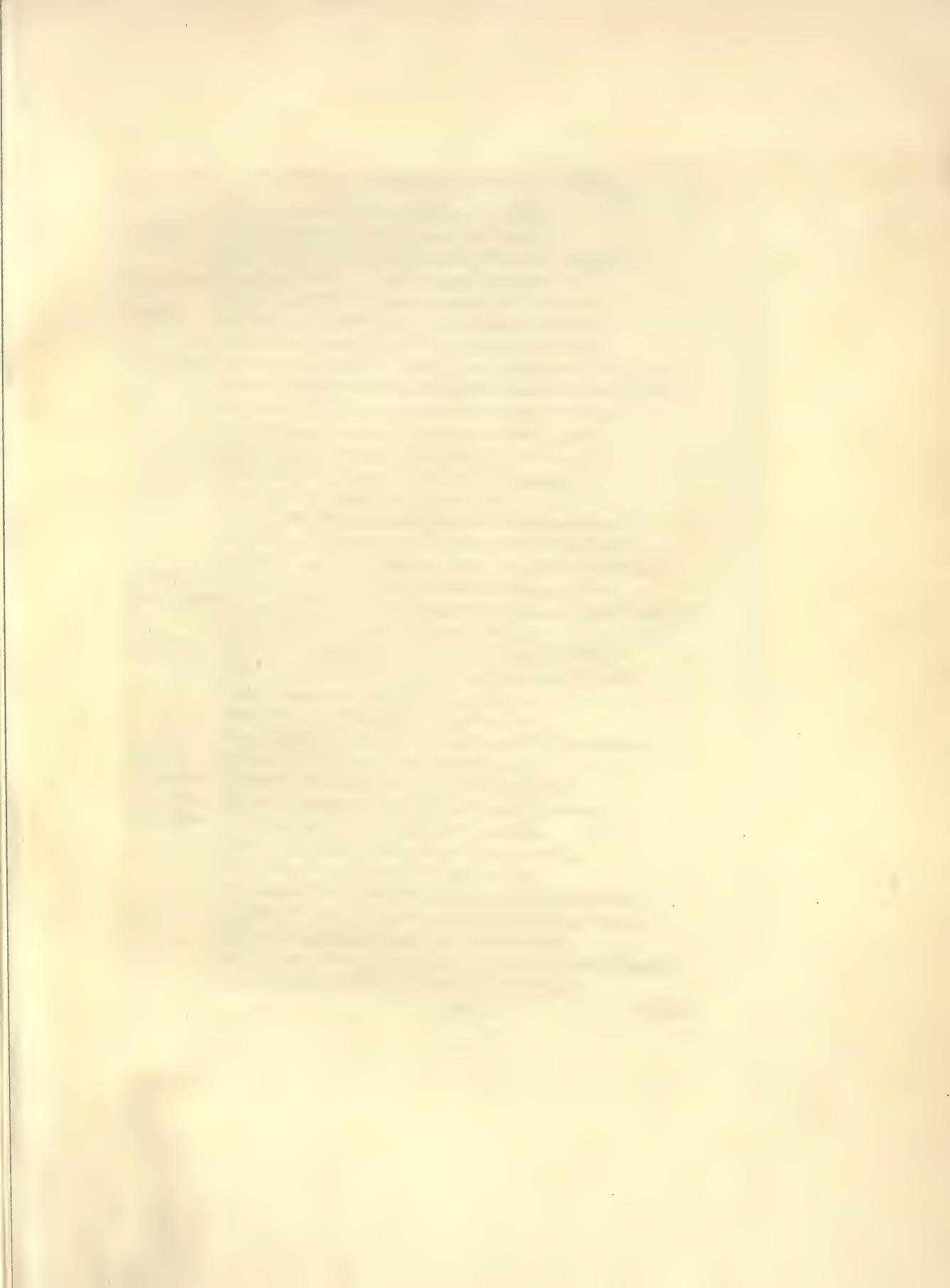
## A new Commodity called

prage. *Q* Adew Mcithinelle till agayne we see,  
Ade to great greedinesse with all my hart,  
Hath not Corage contagious now she w<sup>t</sup> his kinde,  
By encouraging Greedinesse unto euill:  
Whiche late was drawing to a better minde,  
And now agayne doth follow the Demill.

Enter Help, and no good Neighbourhood.

elp. *Q* Loe the Neighbourhood, where Corage doth stand,  
prage. *Q* What no god Neighbourhood, geue me thy hand.  
tighbor. *Q* Those two fyrt syllables, might be put out,  
And then thou hittell my name without doubt.  
prage. *Q* Why is not no god Neighbourhood thy name?  
tighbor. *Q* Put away no god, and see how it will frame.  
For if thou doe put away no god,  
There resteth no more but neighbourhood.  
prage. *Q* Then is it neighbourhood, neither god nor bad,  
Say though we leaue the fyrt, it is god the next we had.  
For leaning out no, put god to the rest,  
Then is it god neighbourhood, thus I thinke is best.  
tighbor. *Q* Nay I will haue them both two left out,  
Because of my name men shoulde stand in doubt:  
For if no god neighbourhood I be named,  
Then of all men I shall be blamed.  
And if that god, to neighbourhood I haue,  
Men will say I doe it prayse to craue.  
So I will leaue out both no and god,  
And will be indifferent sole Neighbourhood.  
prage. *Q* Then Neighbourhood be it, if so it shall be,  
And neighbourhood, what is thine errand to me?  
tighbor. *Q* Syr my comming, is for occasions two,  
The fyrt is for your councell, what were best to doe,  
In a matter which I haue lately begon,  
If I shall procede, or else leave it vndone.  
The second is, if I shall procede,

That





## The Tyde taryeth no Man.

That you will stand my friend if I neede,  
Corage. ¶ Allare thy selfe thereof without doubt,  
Therefore shew me the matter thou goest about.

¶ I thanke you syr euen with all my harte,  
Neighbor. And I trust also that Helpe will doe his parte.

¶ Doubt not but that I to thee will be cleauing,  
Helpe. Therefore procede and shew him thy meaning.

¶ Then syr this is the matter, if it shall please you give eare,  
Neighbor. I haue a neigheur who dwelleth to me somewhat neare.  
¶ Whi haþ a Tenement, comodous and seate,  
¶ To which Tenement I haue a loue very greate.  
¶ This man my neighbour as far as I can learene,  
¶ Hauing in his Tenement but a shorþ tearme,  
¶ Fower or syue yeaþes or there about,  
¶ Whi tearme you know, will sone be worne out,  
¶ Now syr myght I in reuersion, a lease thereof haue,  
¶ I would give the Landlord, euen what he woulde craue.

¶ And who is the Landlord, therof can you tell?  
Corage. ¶ Payster Greddynesse, a man whome you know right well,  
Neighbor. He is one which neuer did mony hate.

¶ Why then speake in time, least thou be to late,  
Corage. The Tyde taryeth no man the prouerbe hath sayde,  
Therefore see no time herein be delayde,  
Payster Helpe here shalbe to thee a stay,  
¶ For with payster greedynesse, he beareth great sway.

¶ I will doe soþ him what lyeth in me.  
Neighbor. ¶ And then to your paynes I will gladly see.

¶ Doubt not then, but thou shalt haue thy mind.  
Neighbor. ¶ As you say, I wish that I may it find,  
But I doubt that of my purpose I shall misse,  
By reason of one thing, and that is this:  
¶ My soþsayd neighbour which now holdeth the same,  
¶ Hauing bene ther a long dweller of god name and fame.  
¶ And well he is beloved both of yong and old,  
¶ ¶ Therefore not onely the neighbours with him will holde,  
But also the Landlord, I am in great doubt.

## A new Commodity called

Helpe.

Wil he therefore unwilling to put him out,  
And I but a straunger among them God wote:  
¶ Parry syz it is much the better for that,  
For if the: werte more straunge, and boorne out of the land,  
Thou shouldest sooner haue it I dare take in hand,  
For among vs now, such is our countrey zeale,  
That we loue best with straungers to deale.  
To sell a lease deare, whosoever that will,  
At the french, or dutch Church let him set vp his bill,  
And he shall haue chapmen, I warrant you god wote,  
Loke what an English man bids, they will give as much  
We byokers of straungers, well know the gayne, (more,  
By them we haue god rewardes for our payne,  
Therefore though thou be straunge, the matter is not great,  
For thy money is English, which must worke the feate.

Neighbor.

In dede my money as a neighbour will agree,

With any man wheresoever it be.

And I my selfe would be a neighbour to,

And therefore the rather I doe that I doe,

For if it were not to be a neighbour by them,

I wisse I wold not take a house so neare them,

Helpe.

I dare say ech man wold be glad at his harte,

To haue all his neighbours such as thou arte,

What matter is it, if thou thy selfe be sped,

Though thou take thy neighbours house ouer his head,

¶ Lush that is no harme, but rather it is god,

For he doth it ay for pure neighbourhod.

See yonder comyng one, if thou canst make him thy friend,

Then mayest thou shortly bring thy purpose to end.

Corage.

¶ Furtheraunce enterch

Further.

¶ Holme aynd Corage how doe yow fare.

Corage.

¶ Corage is it that yow so merylyre.

Further.

¶ Furtheraunce yow shall pleasure a friend of mine.

¶ Corage I am ready to ryde and hymne,

To doe for him whiche in me doth ly.

¶ Therefore





## The Tyde taryeth no Man.

Corage. Wherefore let me know your mind by and by.

Serra, of thy mayster a lease he would haue,  
And therein thy friendship it is, he doth craue.

Neighbor. Say, if that herein my friend you will stand,  
I will give you therefore euен what you will demaund.

Further. Then Neighbourhood thou shalt shortly see,  
That I can dos somewhat betwene my mayster and thye.  
Thou couldest never speake better to speede,  
For of money now he standeth in neede.  
To pay for a purchase of certayne land,  
Which needes he must discharge out of hand.  
Therefore this time for the well doth fall,  
If that thou haue money to tempt him withall.

Neighbor. Lush man for money I will not spare,

Further. Then needest thou no whit for to care,  
And if thou take payne now to walke home,  
There shalt thou fynd him sitting alone.

Corage. Ceeks passion man hye thec away,  
Thou knowest the Tyde for no man will stay.

Neighbor. Whsy syz but will you not walke with us thither?

Further. No, doe Helpe and you goe before together,  
And I warrant you I will not long be behind you,  
For though I be absent, yet I will mind you.

Neighbor. Then syz adew till we meete agayne,  
Doubt not but I will consider your payne.  
Come Helpe shall we goe.

Helpe. It is tame I crow. Exiunt.

Further. Ah syz this geare deth trinly fall out,  
I know this lease, which he goeth about:  
Whereso;e I will worke so on both the sydes,  
That of both parties I will obtayng byþþea,  
I will shew the old Tenant how one goeth about,  
To take his house and to thrust him out.  
Wherefore he will largely grease me in the hand,  
Because his friend therein I shall stand.  
The other here did promise me playne,

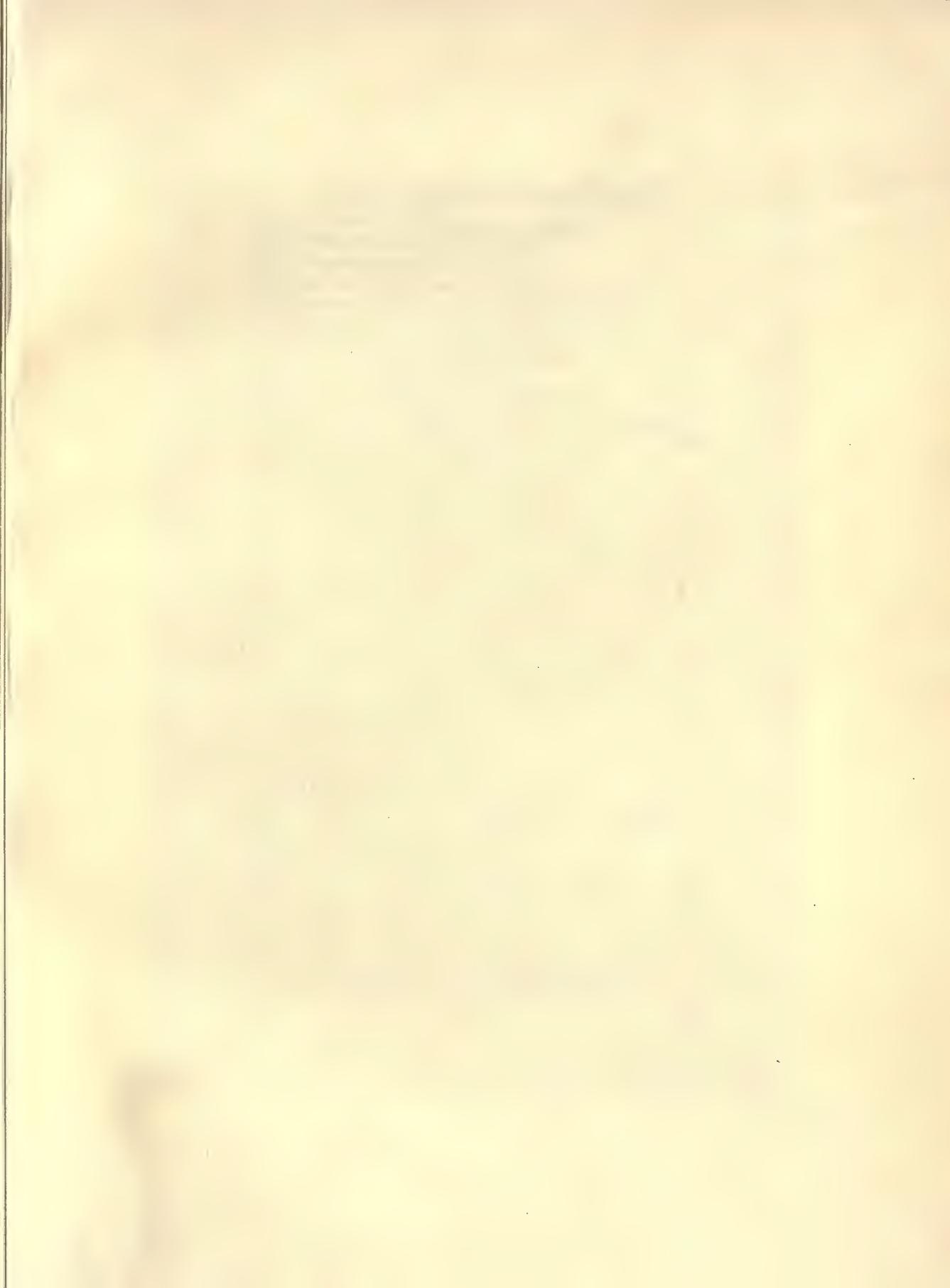
## A new Commodity called

That he would reward me for my payne.  
Therefore Corage farewell unto the.  
For how this geare will frame, I will see.  
Farewell Furtheraunce, my gentle friend,  
A man may seeke Hell, and such two not find.  
I neane a friend, so worthy to trust,  
And a neighbour, that is so honest and iust.  
Dhonesty I trow, he is sweetely well sped,  
That will take his neighbour's house ouer his hed.  
I thinke there is no man, within this place,  
But he woulde gladly such neigboures imbrace.  
Wher two such neigboures dye out of one towne,  
The Deuill shall be sure, to haue one black Cowne.  
As well he is worthy, if I might be iudge,  
For in their assayres, he dapyly doth trudge.  
God councell he givis them, both morning and evening,  
What meane they shal worke, to their neigbors greuning.  
He teacheth them how, to pill and to peule,  
In hope after death, to haue body and soule.  
Thus what meane I shou, of soule for to speake,  
In bagis with such talke, my braynes I doe breake.  
For soule there is none, when the body is dead,  
In suchkinde of destryne, my schollers I leade.  
Therefore say I, take tyme, while tyme is,  
For after this life, there is nothing but blisse.  
There is no soule, any payne to abide,  
The Teachers contrary, from truth are farre wide.

Willing to win worship, enter Courtyer like.

Courtyer. Oh so my herte is filled with doubt,  
Whiche way I may wende, my worship to winne?  
Whall I wane of Courtyers, so folly a route,  
And eke of Ladys a company so trim,  
And shal I home to my cottage rude,  
There to liue like a countrey clowne.

Truely





# The Tyde taryeth no Man.

Truely I know not which way to conclude,  
To get my selfe woship and renowme.  
To win woship I would be right glad,  
Therefore (willing to win woship) is my name:  
In the countrey there is none such to be had,  
And the Court doth aske, great cost fer the same.  
So that what I shall doe, I know not yet,  
I consider it is toward a god time:  
Wherin tryumphing is vse, as is mosse fit,  
And where Courtiers must shew themselves, braue and  
But this I conclude, as forced I am, (line,  
The Court for to leue, and homeward to packie:  
For where is the money? here is the man.  
If man he may be, that money doth lacke.

**Corage.** Why are you so foolish, the Court for to leave?  
When the time is, that woship you should win:  
For in times of tryumphing, we alwaies perceau,  
The Courtiers worship, doth first begin.

**Courtyer.** Therefore do you from such foolishnesse stay,  
And Fortune may chaunce, giue you as you will.

**Corage.** But the whyles of Fortune, as Socrates doth say,  
Are like the snares, wherewith men take fyl.  
And in an other place, Plautus doth shew,  
A saying in Lateu, and that is this:  
Festo die si quid prodigeris,  
Profesto egere licet nisi pepereris.  
If on the Holiday, wastyngh thou doe vse,  
On the worke day, thou mayest beg, vnlesse well thou ges:  
So in tryumphing, like evyn insues,  
That next after, waste, indigence is set.

**Corage.** When Perianders wordes you accounte least,  
Who unto honour, an incorager is:  
Honor (sayeth he) Immortalis est,  
Now syr I pray you, how like you this?

**Courtyer.** Those wordes to be true, I must needs confess,  
For honour in deede, is an immortall shame:

C.y.

And

THE NEW COMMODY CALLED

And now is the time the same to possesse,  
But I haue not wherewilh to achenz the same.  
For money is he that the man must deele,  
And though I haue a faire bethelis and gay,  
Yet vntesse it be new, I shal haue but a geel,  
Therefore much better for me be away.

prage. ¶ Tush man for money be thou not sad,  
You Co artysers I knole haue Jewels god store,  
And in cney for Jewels will alwayes be had,  
Therefore for that matter care thou no more.

uryter. ¶ Vea but how it is had, I partly doo know,  
And what excesse inter'ell is payde,  
Therefore you may say the more is my woe,  
Wolns God that I had it never assayde,  
prage. ¶ Well, what euer it cost, it must needs be had,  
Therefore withdraw not thy fortunate chaunce,  
For I will count thee sole, woe then mad,  
If thou wilst not spend money, thy selfe to aduaunce,  
Now is the time of hap god or ill :

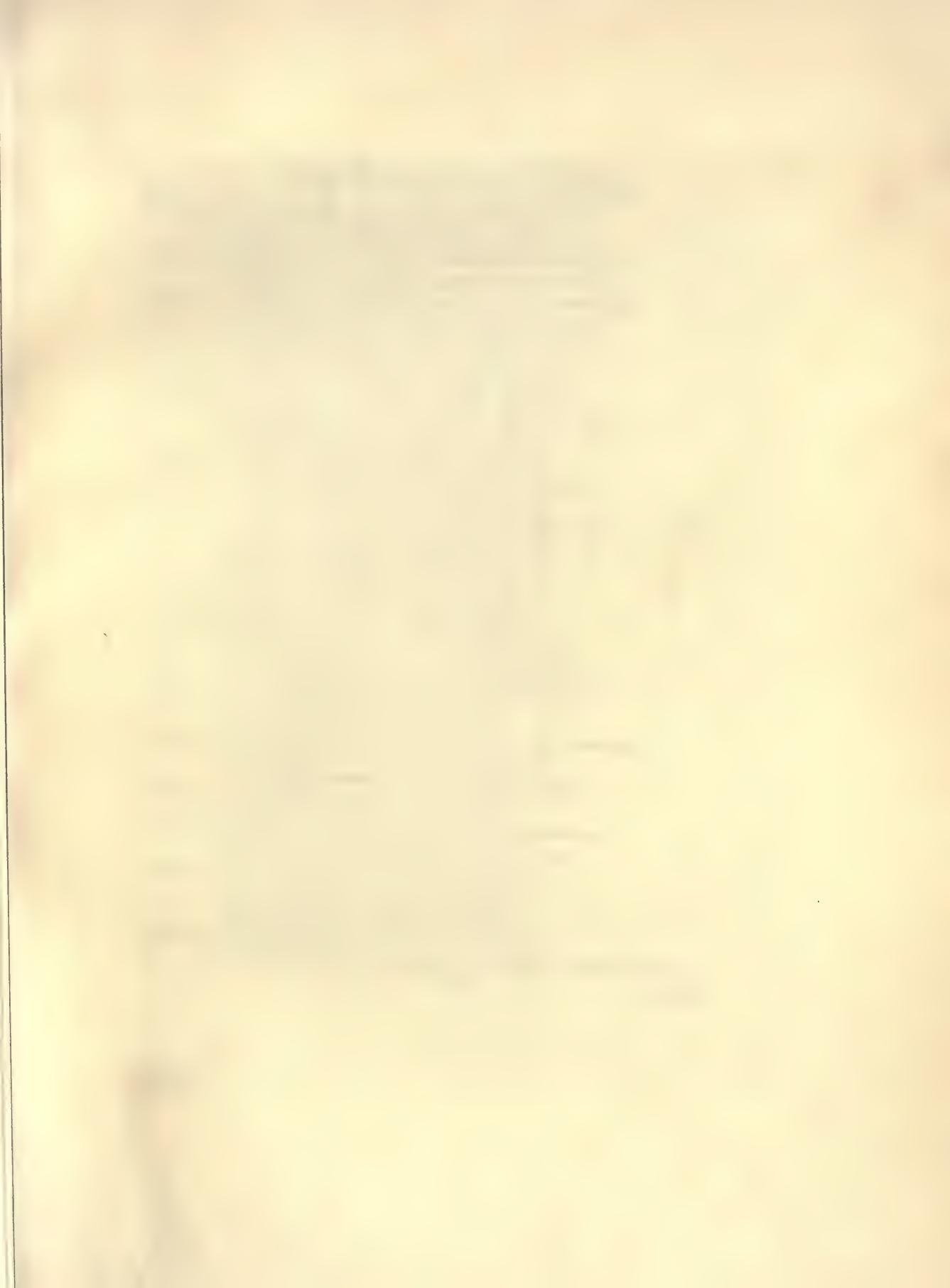
¶ Venture it therfore while it is hote,  
For the Tyde will not stay for any mans will,  
Neuer shalte thou spede, if now thou spede not.

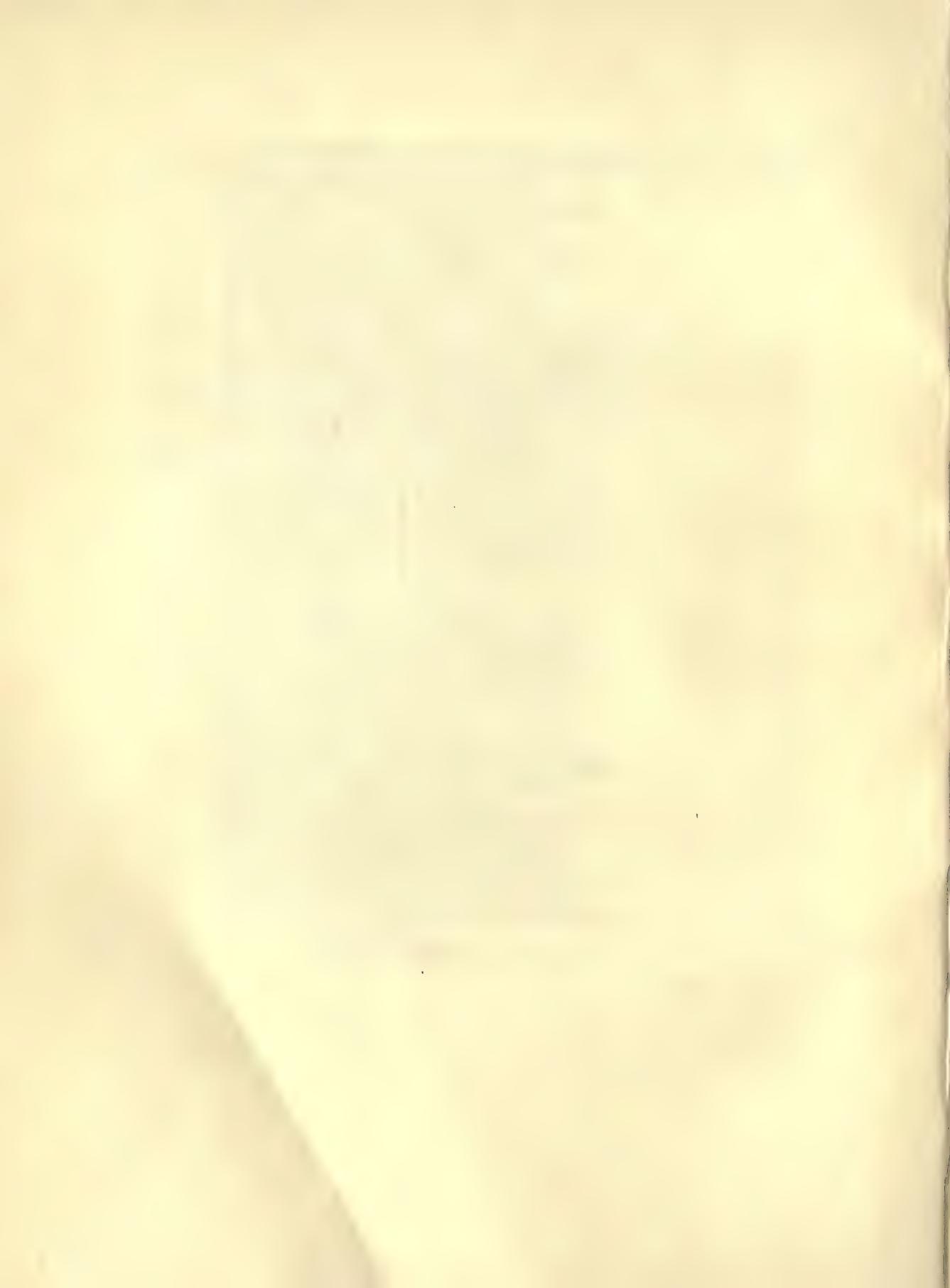
uryter. ¶ Truly this talk doth encorage me so much,  
That to see the Court agayne, I doe pretend,  
But I pray thee doest thou know any such,  
As vse vpon gages money to lend?  
prage. ¶ Why man for that matter you needs not to doubt,  
Of such men there are ynow every where,  
But see how lettesy it doth fall out.

¶ See yonder two friendes of mine doe appeare,  
There is a broker betwene man and man,  
When as any bargaynes they haue in hand,  
The other a Marchaunte's man now and than,  
In borowing money, thy friendes they may stand.

¶ Helpe, and Furtheraunce enter.

¶ 150





## The Tyde taryeth no Man.

Help. Q Do are we in dede, and what of that,  
Who is it that with he wold any thing daud?  
Courtyer. Q Even I a Gentleman whome money doe lack,  
And therein your friendship would gladly crase.  
Help. Q Therein we can helpe you if your pleasure it be,  
And will do oþ else we were greatly to blame,  
Provided always that in our paynes you doe see,  
And also þ at þa god payne for the same.  
Courtyer. Q A paynt sufficient I will therefore lay,  
And also your paynes I will recompence well,  
But I must needes haue it out of the way,  
Although my Landes therefore I do sell.  
Help. Q You shall haue þy so soone as you will,  
And therein you shalbe friendly dide,  
For in friendly ussing this fellow doth his skill, pointing to Fur-  
Therefore his counsel must not be refused. therance.  
He is seruaunt unto a Marchant man,  
Who is partly ruled after his minde.  
Courtyer. Q In dede as you say, helpe me he can,  
I doubt not but his friendship I shall fynd.  
Doubt you not þy, but in pleasuring me,  
I will recompence your paynes with the moste.  
Further. Q What I can doe for you, soone you shall see,  
It is but folly thereof to boast.  
Courtyer. Q Well then it is time that hence we were packing,  
For sayne an end thereof I wold know.  
Help. Q Why þy no dilligence in vs shalbe lacking,  
For we are ready, if that you be so.  
Courtyer. Q Why then that we go I thinke it were best,  
I thinke you your mayster is now at homee  
Further. Q Ye I know well at home he doth rest,  
And I gesse that now he is sitting alone,  
Therefore no longer here let vs stay.  
Courtyer. Q Then sir adew for I will leade the way.  
Speaking to Corage & goeth out with Furtherance, & Help.  
C.ij. T Now

## A new Commodity called

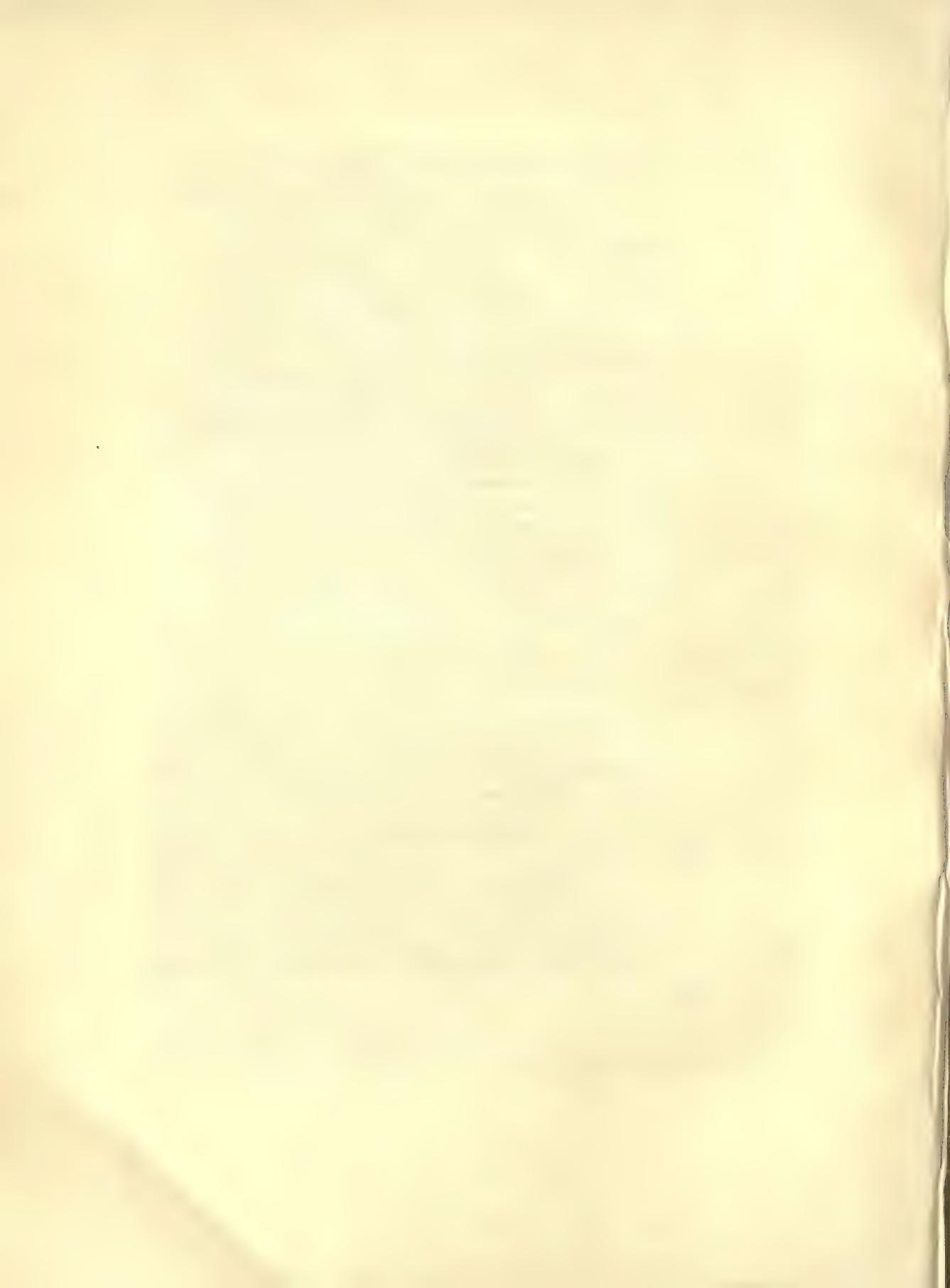
rage. **Q**How may you see how Corage can worke,  
And how he can encorage, both to god and bad :  
The Marchaunt is encouraged, in greedinesse to lurke,  
And the Courtyer to win worship, by Corage is glad.  
The one is god, no man will denay,  
I meane corage to win worship and fame :  
So that the other is ill, all men will say,  
That is corage to greedinesse, which getteth ill name.  
Thus may you see Corage contagious,  
And ealie contrarioues, both in me do rest :  
For I of kind, am always various,  
And chaunge, as to my mind semeth best.  
Betwene man and wife, sometimes I doe shewe,  
Both my kindnesse, when my pleasure it is :  
The godlyke giuest her husband a blow,  
And he for reward, doth giue her a kisse,  
The godlyke by Corage, is hardy and stoute,  
The godman contrary, is patient and meke :  
And suffreth himselfe to be called loue,  
Yea, and worse misbled, thrise in a weeke.  
How say you godlykes, is it not so ?  
I warrant you, not one that can say nay :  
Whereby all men here, may right well know,  
That all this is true whiche I doe say.  
But yet Corage telles you not all that he knowes,  
For then he must tell, of ech wife the name :  
Whiche is no grete matter, the best are but shewes,  
But I will not say so, for scare I haue blame.

## Greedinesse enter.

cedines **Q**How Corage I say, what newes in the colle ?  
What godly tidinges abroade, doest thou heare ?  
rage. **Q**Tell me what doest thou heare ? by the home in poste,  
For I sent home a Gentleman, to seeke for thee there.  
cedines **Q**And what is the master that with me he would haue ?

He





## The Tyde taryeth no Man.

Corage. ¶ He must borow some money, his worship to save.

Greedines ¶ Tush then to tarry he will be glad,

If that he come any moray to borrow.

Corage. ¶ Yea but take the time, while it is to be had,

And deferre not thy profit, vntill to morrow.

This Gentleman is a Courtyer braue,

And now in neede of money doth stand:

Therefore thine owne asking, of him thou mayest haue,

So that thou wilte pleasure him out of hand.

Greedines ¶ And is he a Courtyer, and standeth in neede,

This to my purpose, doth rightly fall:

For the needy Courtyers, my cosers do seve,

And I warrant thee, that pinch him I shall.

For since I know, his neede to be such,

That money he must needes occupy:

I know I cannot aske him to much,

If I his mind will satissfy.

Therefore now Corage to thē adew. Fayne a going out,

Corage. ¶ Nay softe syr yet one word with you,

You told me not yet how you did agree,

With no god Neighbourhood, that god man growte.

Greedines ¶ Mary syr he hath gone thowow with mee,

And the old Tenant he will thrust oute,

But I with that matter haue naught to doe,

Let them two now for that agree:

I know I shold never haue come vnto,

So much as therefore he hath payed to mee.

Therefore I might be counted mad,

If I to his proffer would not haue tended:

This profitable lesson which of thē I had,

The Tyde taryeth no Man, was not vremembred;

Profit entreth,

Profit. ¶ God spedde syr, I pray you shew me if you can,

Did you not mayster Welthynelle here about see.

Corage. ¶ Cockes passion this is the Gentlemans man,

Speaking to Greedines,

Cly.

which

A new Commodity called  
Whiche at home doth tarry for the  
Syr Welthinsel is not hence far away.

Turning to Profite.

reedines. I am hee sy, what would you of me require?  
rosite. I ay mayster at home for your worship doth stay,

And to speake with you he doth greatly desyre,  
It be your pleasure home to repayre,  
Or if ye will, he shall hether come,  
Your maysterships pleasure therefore declare,

And I know incontinent it shalbe done.

reedines. I say I meane homeward to hye,  
For that I suppose to be the best,  
And by all the meanes that in me doth lye,  
I will fulfill your maysters request.

rosite. I trust also you will consider my payne,  
Thereby I trust you shall not lose,  
For perhaunce I may prefetre your gayne,  
By meane which with my mayster I doe ble.

reedines. As I synd this ready in furthering of me,  
So doubt thou not but thou shalt synd,  
We euen as ready in pleasuring of thee,  
A word is yngough, thou knowest my minde,

Therefore hengeles be nowe take the way.

rosite. My mayster thinketh vs long I dare say.  
I warrant you I will not be long behind,

I know no cause why here I shold stay,  
A company of my scholers I know where to synd,  
Therefore toward them I will take the way.

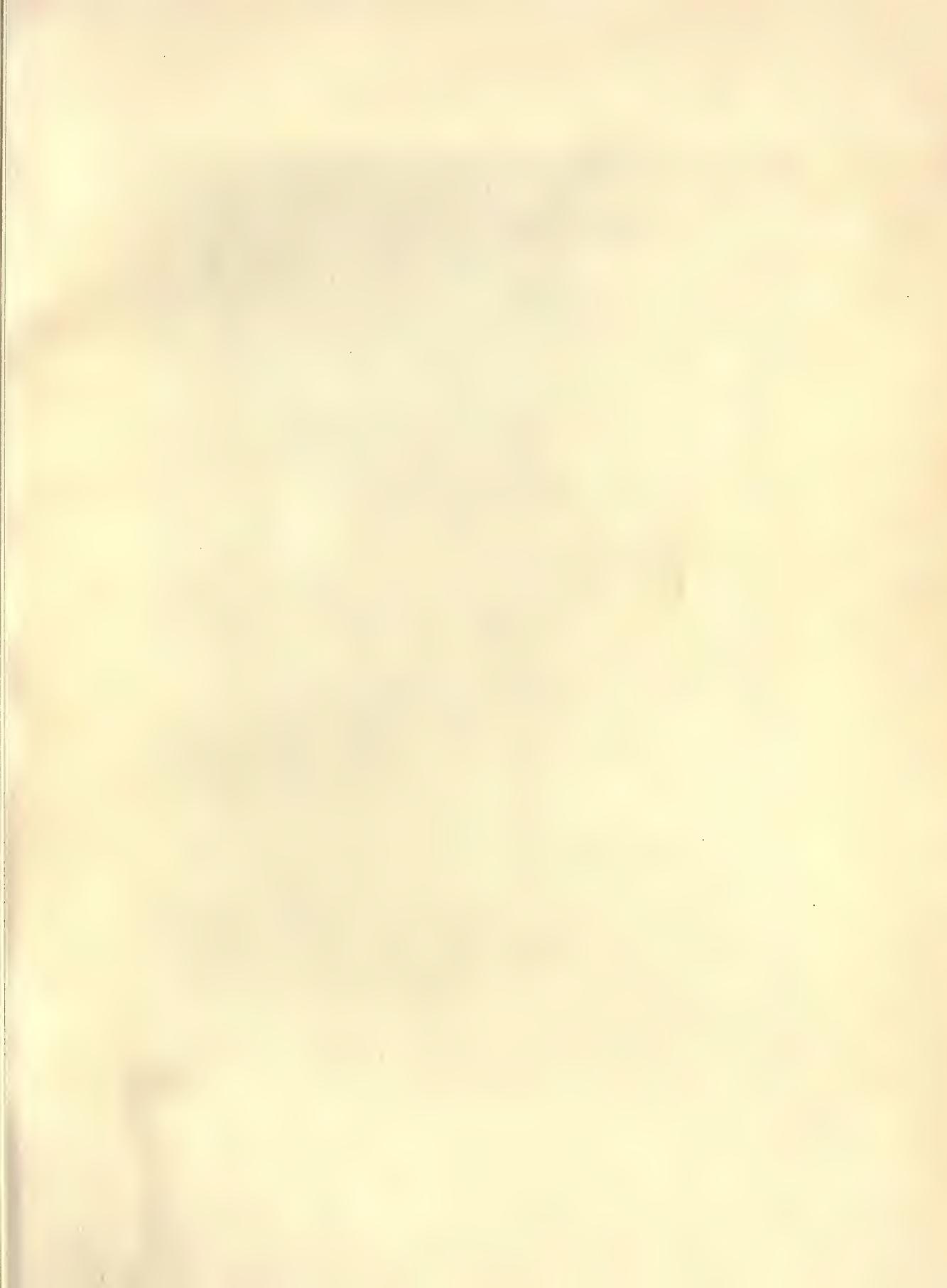
Exiunt.

Exiunt.

The Tenant discontented entred.

Tenant. Whether shall I goe, or which way shall I take,  
To synd a Christian constaunce and trust,  
Ech man himselfe a Christian woulde make,  
Yet fewe or none, that a man may trust.

But





# I lie I yde taryeth no Man.

But for the most parte sayned, inclined to lust,  
As to insaciablie couetousenesse, moste abhominable,  
Or some other vice, moste vyle and detestable.  
It is well knowen, what rigour doth raigne,  
In that cruell tyger, my Landlord Greedynesse:  
Who in my house, would not let me remayne,  
But hath thrust me out, with spitefull spedynesse.  
Having no respect, to my naked nedigesse,  
But altogether, regarding his gayne,  
Hath bereaned my living from me, to my payne,  
What neighbourhod is, may also be scene,  
My neighbour supposed, is my deadly foe:  
What cruell chaunce, like to mine hath biene,  
Both my house and living, I must now forgoe.  
What neighbour is he, that hath serued me so?  
Thus cruelly to take my house, ouer my head,  
Wherin these forty yeares, I haue bene harbored and louned,  
Am now being aged, must thus be thrust out,  
With mine impotent wife, charge, and famelie;  
Now how I shall live, I stand in great dout,  
Leading and ending, my life in misery.  
But better doe so, then as they live, by thievry,  
Catching and snatching, all that ever they can,  
Because that (say they) Tyde taryeth no Man.  
But God graunt that they, in following that Tyde,  
Lose not the tyde of Gods mercy and grace:  
I doubt that from them, awaie it will syde,  
If they still pursue the contrary race.  
As dayly they doe, Gods lawes to deface,  
To their own soules hurte, and to their neighbours damage,  
Still following the instructions, of cursed Corage,  
I see whome I seeke, is not here to be found,  
I meane Christianity, constant and iust:  
I doubt that in bondage he lyeth fast bound,  
Or else he is dead, and lyeth buryed in duff.  
But if he be living, to synd him I trust,

D.J.

Therefore

## A new Commodity called

Therefore till I fynd him, I will no where stay,  
Ne ther in lackynge of hym, I will make delay.

## Enter Corage,

Corage.

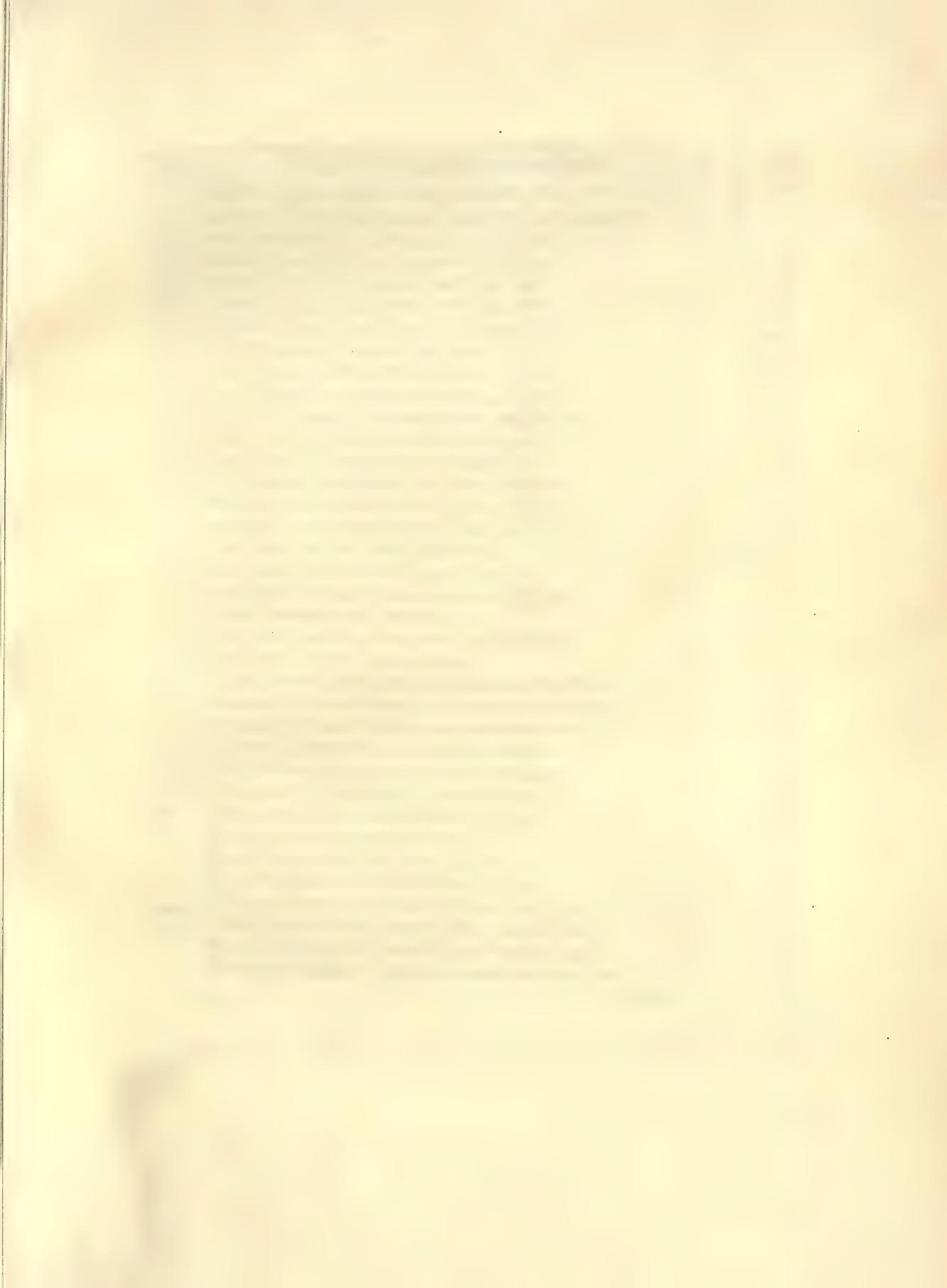
¶ Ah syrra, I cannot chuse but rejoyce,  
When I remember my little pretty boyes;  
My schoisters I meane, who all with me boyes,  
Crye we loue Corage, without other choyce.  
The yong ymphyes I incorage and leade,  
In ryotous stoke steps, so trimly to tredre.  
That guilty, and vnguilty, often they pleade,  
And being found guilty, hang all saue the head.  
The virgins which are bot tender of age,  
Rather then their trim attyre should swage.  
Their tayles so new they will lay to gage,  
To every slane, peasant, and page.  
The graund signyours, which in yeares are ripe,  
With couetous clawes, like the grædy grype.  
Their pore bretchen, from their livinges do wippe,  
And enermore daunce, after Corages pipe.  
Corage never in quiet doth lye,  
But the Tyde taryeth no man, still he doth crye.  
Therefore worke thy will by and by,  
That rich thou marest be, when ever thou dy.

## The mayd willfull Wanton enter.

Wanton.

¶ Of all misfortunes, mine is the worst,  
Truely I think I was accurst:  
When I was an infant, not fully nurst,  
Alas for griesse, my harte it will burst.  
I dayly see womeyn as yong as I,  
Whiche in whyte Caps, our doze doe go by:  
I am as able as they, with a man to lye,  
Yet my mother doth still my weddung denye.

Acte





# The Tyde taryeth no Man

She sayeth for weddung, that I wol bise, it is erred note  
Maydes of lowerteene yeares she sayeth, hath no wif  
And so every day she sayeth I shall tarry yet,  
That would God I were put quick in the pit,  
God wot we maydes, abide much misery,  
And alwayes kept in, from having liberty;  
Of euill tonges we walke in ieeberty,  
Most people are now so full of ielousy;  
If a yongman a mayde poe but kill,  
Now (say the people) you may see what she is:  
Wher is I were a wyse, nothing I shold misse,  
But line like a Lady, in all ioyfull blisse.  
I right well doe know, the peoples spight,  
Because that to be pleasant, I haue delight;  
Therefore past grace, they say I am quight,  
And a wilfull wanton, my name they doe wright.  
Yet I trust in God, once to see the day,  
That to recompence their spight I may:  
For if ever I be marryed, and beare any sway,  
When I know what I haue to say,  
Therefore god God, make me shoryly a wife,  
Or else shoryly take away my life.

age. Alas pretie Parnell, you may scorne end this styal,  
Yong men fit for husbandes, in this towne are ryse,  
And your mothers ill will, you may scorne present,  
If you will follow my councell, and tusten.

nton. Oh but if my mother wold thereto consent,  
To be marryed this night, I could be content.

age. But consent she or not, yet is it for thee,  
Unto thine own preffement to see,  
Doest then with any yong man so agree,  
That he wold consent, thy husband to bee.

nton. Dyuers there are, wha gladly wold haue me,  
And being their wyse, wold trinly behane me,  
From all wrong they wold defend and save me,  
Tush ynowe therre are, whiche to wile doe crame me.

D.ij.

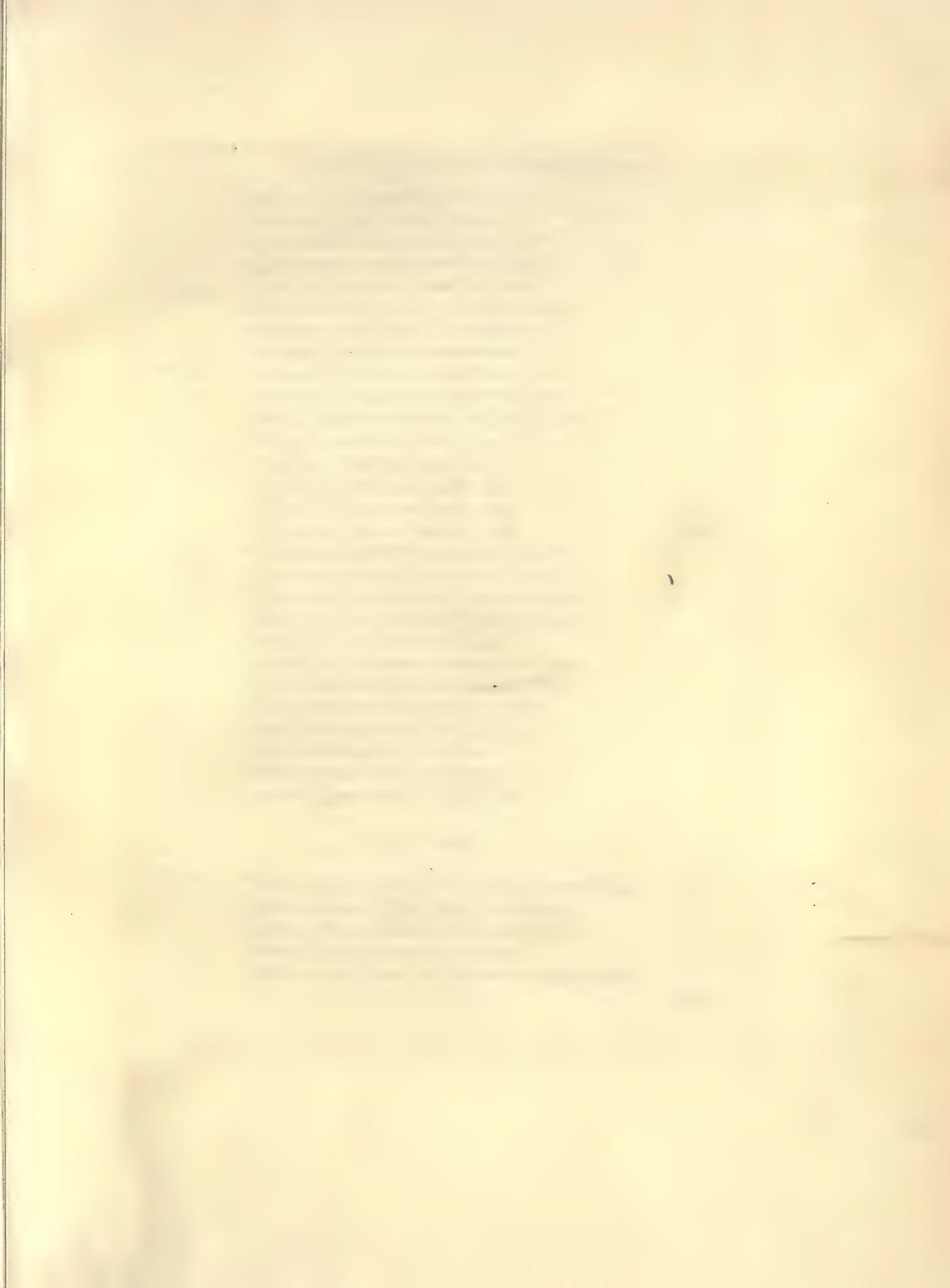
The

## A new Commodity called

Corage. ¶ Then deferre no time if that thou be wise,  
For noly to preferment, thou arte like to arise.  
The Lide taryeth no man, else the proverbe lyes,  
In delaying comes harmes, thou seest with thine eyes.  
But by mariage all thy grase shalbe eased,  
And thy ioyes shall manifold wayes be increased.

Wanton. ¶ But alas my mother will so be displeasedo,  
That I know her wrath will never be appeasedo.  
Corage. ¶ And wilt thou for displeasing of her,  
Shine owne preferment and fortune deser?  
Now arte thou youthfull, thy seile to presere,  
And thy youthfull be wyt, mens heartes may stere.  
But youthfull bewyt will not alwayes last,  
The Tyde taryeth no man, but sone it is past.  
Therefore to wedding, see thou make haste,  
For now much time thou doest lose in walte.

Wanton. ¶ Oh what comfortable wordes are these,  
Truely your talke doth me greatly please,  
I will not stynke but seeke out alwayes,  
Untill that I haue found some easse.  
I care not what my mother doe say,  
This matter I will no longer delay.  
But a bushyld I will haue out of the way,  
And then may I boldly dally and play.  
No man dares me then once to controule,  
Least my husband thamme for to scoule.  
If any man use to intreate me soule,  
My husband will lay him ouer the noule.  
It doth me god to thinke of the blisse,  
Whiche betwene new married couples is.  
To see their dallyaunce foentime ywisse,  
It setteth my teeth an edge by gisse.  
Truely I wold gladly give my best frock,  
And all thinges else vnto my smock.  
To be married in the morning by vi. of the clock,  
I besy;e my heart if that I doe mock.





## The Tyde taryeth no Man.

¶ Yer you will not believe how I long,  
To be one of the wedded throng.

¶ Y thinkes it lyeth in no tongie,  
To shew the ioyes that is them among.

Corage. ¶ It passeth ioy which they imbrace,  
They take their pleasure in every place.  
Like Aungels they doe run their race,  
In passing blisse, and great solace.

Wanton. ¶ Well sy, I will no longer tarry,  
But some man out of hand will marry.  
Although from my mothers minde I barry,  
Yet your wordes in minde I carry.  
Therefore god sir to you adew,  
Untill agayne I mete with you.  
If I spedde well, a god coate new,  
To your parte may chaunce insue.

Corage. ¶ Alas wilfull wanton, my pretty peare,  
My wordes have set her in such a heate.  
Now toward wedding her lone is so greate,  
That scarce she can neither drinke nor eate.  
Now I Corage in her doe begin,  
So that for her mother she cares not a pin.  
Now all her mind is a husband to win,  
To be unwedded she thinketh it sin.  
How say you my virgines every one,  
Is it not a sinne to lye alone?  
When. ry. yeares of age is gone,  
I dare say you think so every one.

Exiung

## Help entereth.

Help. ¶ Say now let him shifte for himselfe if he will,  
Since I am payed the thing I did seeke:  
Alas god Gentleman, he is servd but ill,  
In sayth he is in now by the weke.  
He hath naught but that, for which he hath payed,

D.ij.

The

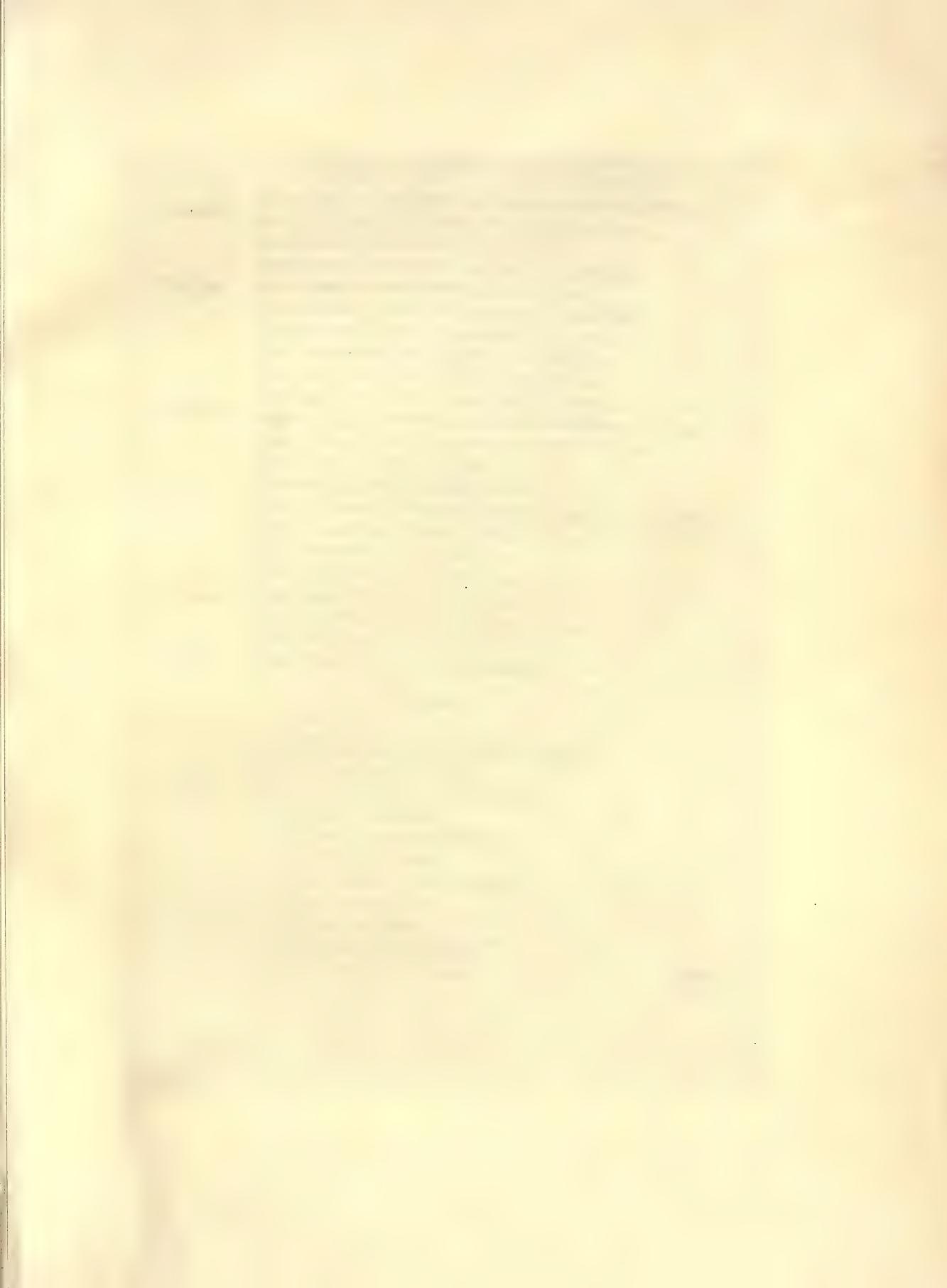
## A new Commodity called

The lone of his money he hath dearly bought,  
I warrant you it might be boldly layd,  
His cardes being tolde, he hath wanne right nought.  
And how so helpe? is he so pinche? I saye  
By my troth that is a sport for to heare.  
There, he standes bound forty poundes to pay,  
But little more then thirty alway he did beare,  
For what with the marchautes duety for lone,  
Item for writing vnto the scrybe:  
The third part into my pouch is gone,  
And the marchautes man, hath not lost his brybe.  
So that amongest vs sower, almost ten poundes,  
Is clearly dispersed and spent:  
The Gentleman swaresh, herte, blood, and wondres,  
Repenting that after thy councell he went.  
Pea but syza, my parte is the least,  
Who am the Captayne of all the route.  
I tush man for that matter, set thy heart at rest,  
For that which we haue, thou shalt not be without,  
But syza, seest thou not who doth yonder appeare,  
By my troth ne thinkest thou knowes they are.

## Prosite and Furtheraunce, enter together.

I mide who so ever vnto the is neare,  
For a knave he nedeth not to helpe farre.  
Thous I will tell troth to make you agree,  
By gesse I thinke, you are knaves all thre.  
I mide the we are, we are no knave,  
And you are the fourth to make vp the messe.  
I will tell for that matter, we will not greatly shewe,  
But syza what wind now did you haue ther dñe?  
I saye to shewe the what luck we haue had,  
By (Willing to win Worshyp) that lasty lad.  
To make talke ther eol, nowt it is no thue,  
But if thou wylt go with vs, we wyl give the the wane.

¶ Am





# The Tyde taryeth no Man.

Profite.

¶ And as my mayster pleased you two, and the scribys,  
So of Greddynesse the Marchaunt, I had a bribe,  
So that none of vs went vacant away,  
But of one of the parties, had honestly our pay.

Help.

¶ Yea but of them both, I had my bries,  
My maysters, the Broker can play of both sides.  
He is almost payd as well for his trotting,  
As is the Scribe, so his writing or bletting.

Further.

¶ Yea and yet both parties are not content,  
For I dare say the gentleman, his bargayne doth repens,  
¶ Harry syz can you blame him, that so hath bene rung,  
He may say he hath payde, to heare a faire tongue.

Profite.

¶ And now without his man he is gone,  
Vis man genes him leaue far to walke alone.  
¶ Let me alone, I warrant thee some excuse I will haue,  
And the worst fall I know, I shalbs but called knaye.

Corage.

¶ But yet sir's after him, I will hye,  
And by the way I will inuen some lye.  
¶ Pay sofe Profyte, you must not go so,  
You must helpe to sing a parte or you goo,

Profite,  
Corage.

¶ So it be thoyt, I am well content,  
¶ And all the resoue thereto do consent.

## The Song.

¶ We haue great gayne, with little payne,  
And lightly spend it to.  
We doe not toyle, nor yet we moyle,  
As other pore folkes do.

¶ We are winners all thise,  
And so will we bee,  
Wher ever that we come to,  
For we know how,  
To bend and bote,  
And what is to be done to.

D. 111.

¶

A new Commodity called

To knele and crouch, to fill the pouch,  
We are full glad and sayne :  
We ener stille, even at our will,  
Are getters of great gayne.  
We are winners. &c.

It is our will, to poule and pill,  
All such as doe vs trust :  
We beare in hande, god friendes to stand,  
Though we be most vntrust.  
We be winners. &c.

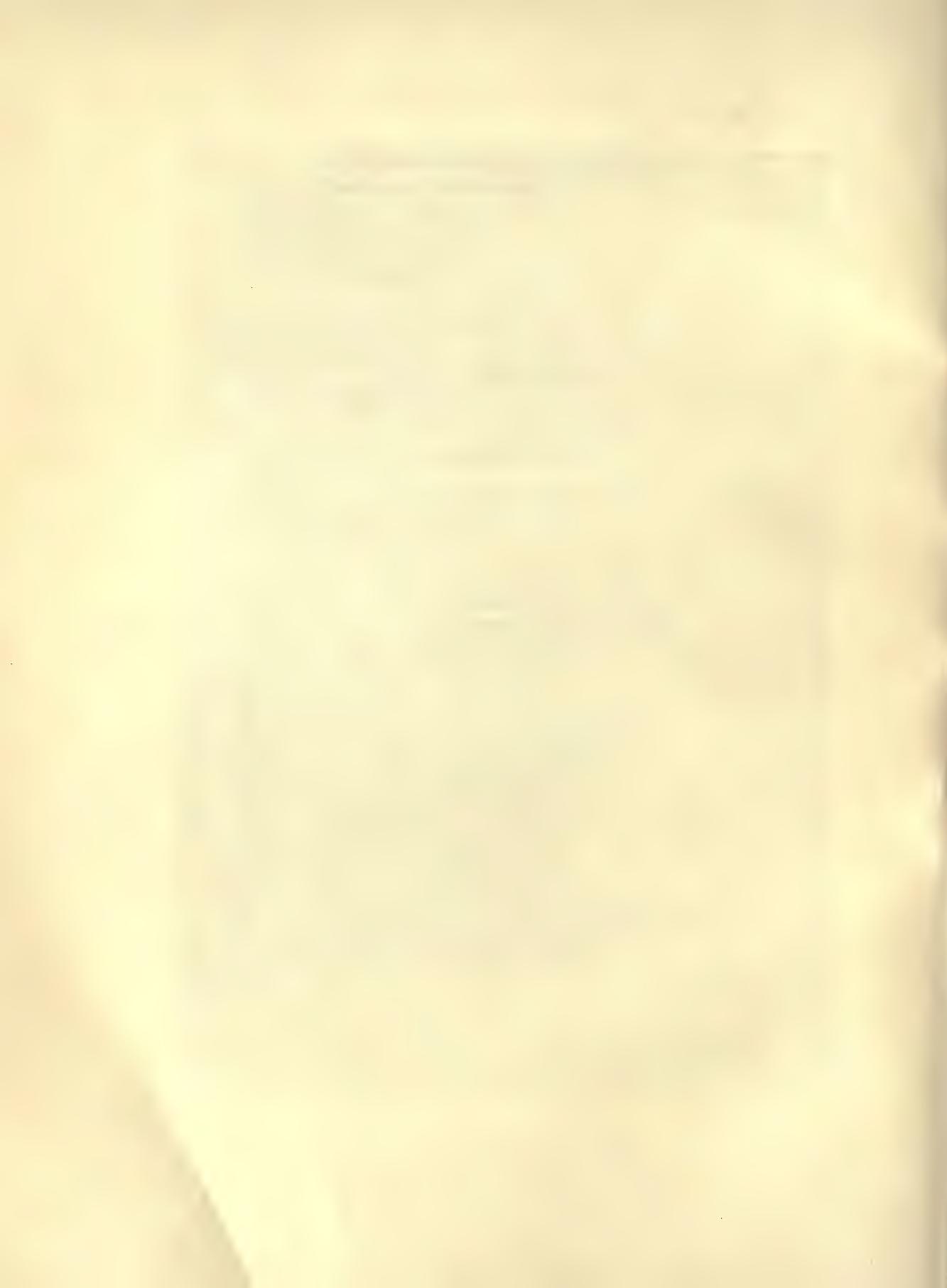
Full far aboutes, we know the routes,  
Of them that riches had :  
Whome through deceite, as syth to bayte,  
We made their thyst so th gad.

We are winners. &c.  
Finis,

Now Cole profite, in sayth gramary for thy song.  
Much god do it thee, but I am afraed I tarry so long.  
Therefore friendes adye, for I will be gone.  
Pay losste Profite, leane vs not behinde,  
For hence to depart, we also da minde.  
Then thre knaues on a clustre, get you together,  
Needes knaues you must go, for so you came hether.  
But here ws sound thee, a knaue most of all,  
And so we leau thee, as thou doest vs call.  
Now so is the purpose, and this is the case,  
God colesn Cutpurse, if you be in place.  
I beseech you now, your busynesse to plye,  
I warrant thee I, no man shall the spyre.  
If they doe, it is but an hower's hanging,  
But such a purse thou mayest catch, worth a peres spending.  
I warrant thee encouraging thou shalt not lack,  
Come hyther, let me cap thee on the back.

And





## The Tyde taryeth no Man.

And if thou wilt now follow my request,  
At Tyborne I may chaunce clap the on the brest.  
So that of clapping, thou shalt haue store,  
Here clapping behind, and at Tyborne before.  
But cosen Entpurse, if ought thou do get,  
I pray the let me haue part of thy cheate.  
I meane not of thy hanging fare,  
But of thy purse, and silched share.  
Well syrs it is time, that hence I doe pack me,  
For I am astrayde, that some men doe lack me.  
For some are perhaps, about some god dede,  
And so lack of corage, they dare not procede.

Exiunt.

## The Courtyer entreth.

Courtyer. As with the poysen, which is mosse delectable,  
The heart of man, is sonest infected:  
So the losse mosse hurteth, who seemeth most amiable,  
And of all wise men, is to be detested.  
At this time this saying I haue elected,  
For that they which friendshyp, to me professee,  
In steade ther eof, my herte haue addredded.  
They promised me, my friendes so to stand,  
And to helpe me to that which I did craue:  
Wherill that I had obligated my land,  
And then was I subject to every knau.  
Ech man then a porcion wold haue,  
The Marchaunt for lone, the Broker for his paynes,  
And the scribe for wryting, ech man had alayne.  
Ninubula pluvia imbreui parit,  
A mizeling shower ingendreth great wet,  
Whiche saying officiu prouerbia non taris,  
Many a little maketh a great.  
So every of them, by me wrought his feate,  
And every of these bybys, being call to account,  
To a good porcion I seke do amount.

C.3.

B.3.

## A new Commodity called

But what vilany is there in such,  
Who knowing a man, of their helpe to hane neede :  
Will incroch vpon him, so vrr reasonable much,  
Their owne greedy desires to fede.  
I menall I remembre, dasch teach them in dæde,  
Whose wordes are these, both open and playne,  
The vicious man only, seeketh his own gayne:  
Pea twise vicious, may they be named,  
Who doe auarice so much imbrace :  
But what is their aunswere, when they are blamed,  
Say they, we haue here but a little space.  
Therefore we haue neede to be getting a pace,  
Wherfore shold we gayning lay away,  
The Tyde taryeth no man, this is all they can say.

Corage entereth.

Corage. ¶ And as sone as she had sipped vp the broth,  
The ladle she layd vpon his face :  
Woman quoth he, why arte thou so wroth ?  
Auaue quoth she, get thac out of this place.

And smytech the gentleman.

Courtyer. ¶ Why friend, arte thou not well in thy wile,  
Wherfore smitest thou me in such sorte ?

Corage. ¶ Jesus Gentleman, are you here yet,  
I thought long or this you had bene at the Courte,  
Therefore you must pardon mine offence,

For I little thought it had bene you.

Courtyer. ¶ Why company is so god, I will get me hence,  
Therefore cursed Corage adue.

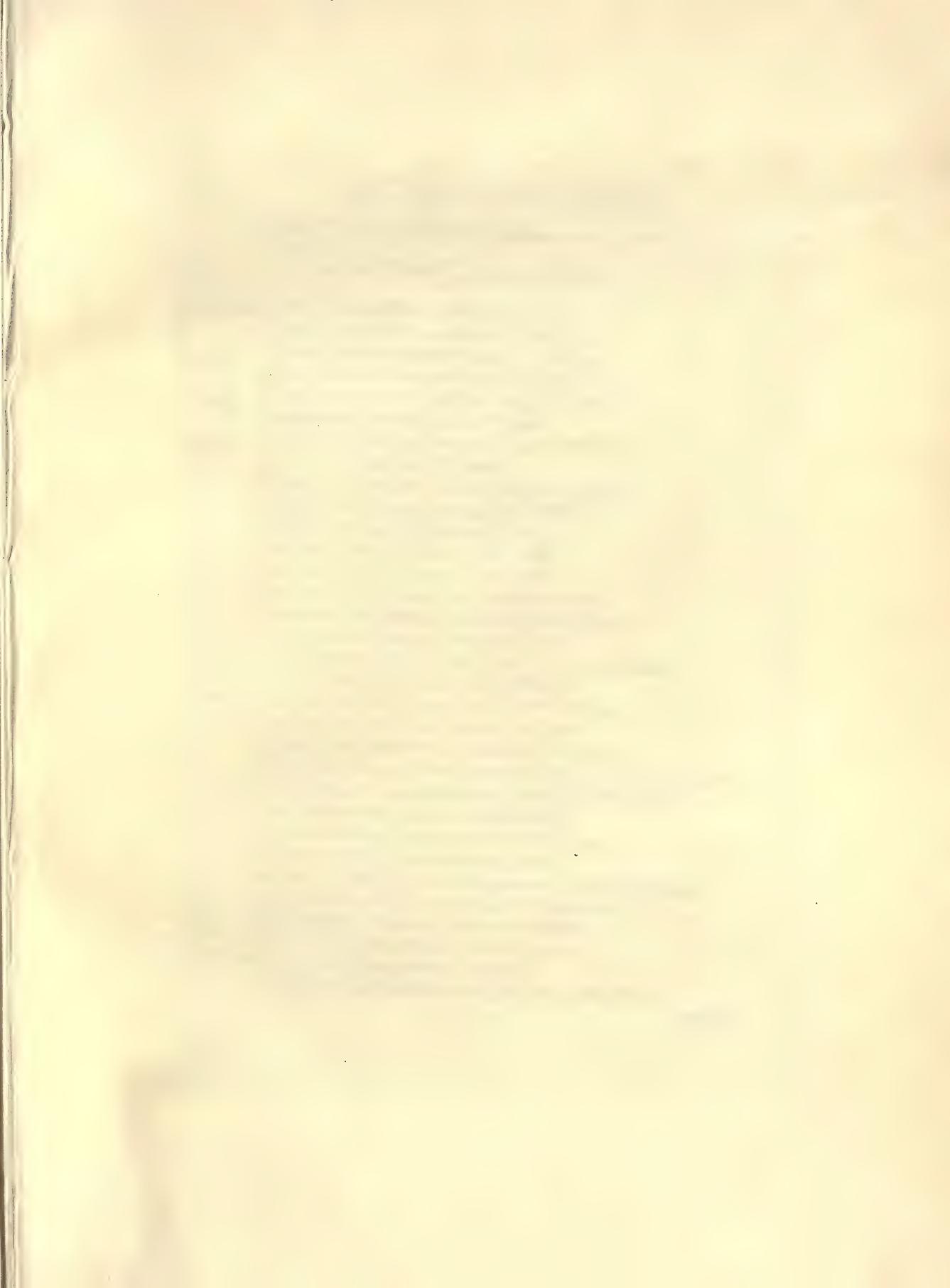
Corage. ¶ And in sayth will you nedes begon,  
What man you might tarry a while.

Courtyer. ¶ In thy company I haue tarryed to long,  
For I perceave thou art full of guile.

Corage. ¶ Farewell frost, will you nedes be gone,  
Adue since that you will nedes a way :  
In sayth this sposte is trunxy alone.

Exiuit.

That





# The Tyde taryeth no Man.

That I can thus, a gentleman fray.

Greedinesse and Help enter together.

Greedinesse. ¶ Oh Helpe, night I once sée that day,  
I wish I would not care, who I did wron<sup>g</sup>.  
Help. ¶ Doubt not, you neede not that so<sup>r</sup> to fray,  
You shall sée that day, or that it be long.  
Corage. ¶ What day is that, whereof you doe speake?  
May not a body your councell know.  
Help. ¶ Mary sy<sup>r</sup>, this day whereof we doe intreate,  
Is a day of some notable shew,  
When the Courtyers in their brauery shalbe,  
Before their Prince, some shew to make:  
If such a day, Welthinesse might sée,  
He hopeth then, some money to take.  
For without cost, they may not be braue,  
And many lacke money, as he doth suppose:  
Wherefore at some, a god hand he would haue,  
I warrant the<sup>r</sup>, by none he hopeth to lose.  
Corage. ¶ I wish man doubt not, such dayes there will come,  
That matter thou needest not to feare.  
Greedinesse. ¶ To here of such dayes, I would ryde and run,  
So glad I wold<sup>r</sup>, of such dayes to heare.  
¶ Oh with these Co<sup>r</sup>tyers, I lone to deale well,  
Or with other yng Gentlemen, who haue pounds o<sup>r</sup> lands:  
For whether I doe lend them, or my wares to them sell,  
I am sure to win largely, at their handes.  
And specially, where in neede they doe stand,  
Then in sayth I doe pinch them home:  
When I see they must needes haue money out of hand,  
And that other shifte, to worke they haue none.  
Help. ¶ Why that is the way sy<sup>r</sup> to come alosse,  
Great welth thereby, I know you doe get.  
Greedinesse. ¶ I warrant the<sup>r</sup> no time, I drue of,  
Neyther for any mans saying, the same will I let.

E.g.,

Wel

# A new Commodity called

Well syz I must now leaue of this talk,  
And I must bid you both twayne adue. Fayne a going out.

orage. Q Hoste mayster Greedynesse whethir do you walke,  
What sy I pray you, one word with you.

greedines Q Towardes Powles Crosse, from hence I doe goe,  
Perchaunce some presite there I may mete.

orage. Q To Powles Crosse, what there will you doe,  
Do you the Preachers wordes so well like.

greedines Q Tush for the preaching I passe not a pin,  
It is not the matter wherefore I do go:  
For that goeth out whereas it comes in,  
But herein my meaning, to the I will shew.  
You know that many thefes doe come,  
Wherfore perchaunce, such may be my hap:  
Of my ill debtors there to spye some,  
Whome without delay, by the hailes I will clape.

Help. Q Why sy, and will you arrest them there?  
While they at sermon preaching be.

greedines Q Will I quoth you, wherefore should I feare,  
It is best taking them, while I may them see.

Corage. Q Yea bir Lady sy, full wisely you say,  
Take them while you may them get:  
Or else perchaunce it wilbe many a day,  
Or on them agayne your eye you shall set.

greedines Q I remember what you haue sayd,  
Lyde taryeth no man, marke you that:  
Wherfore no time herein shalbe delayed,  
Therefore syz adew to long I do chat.

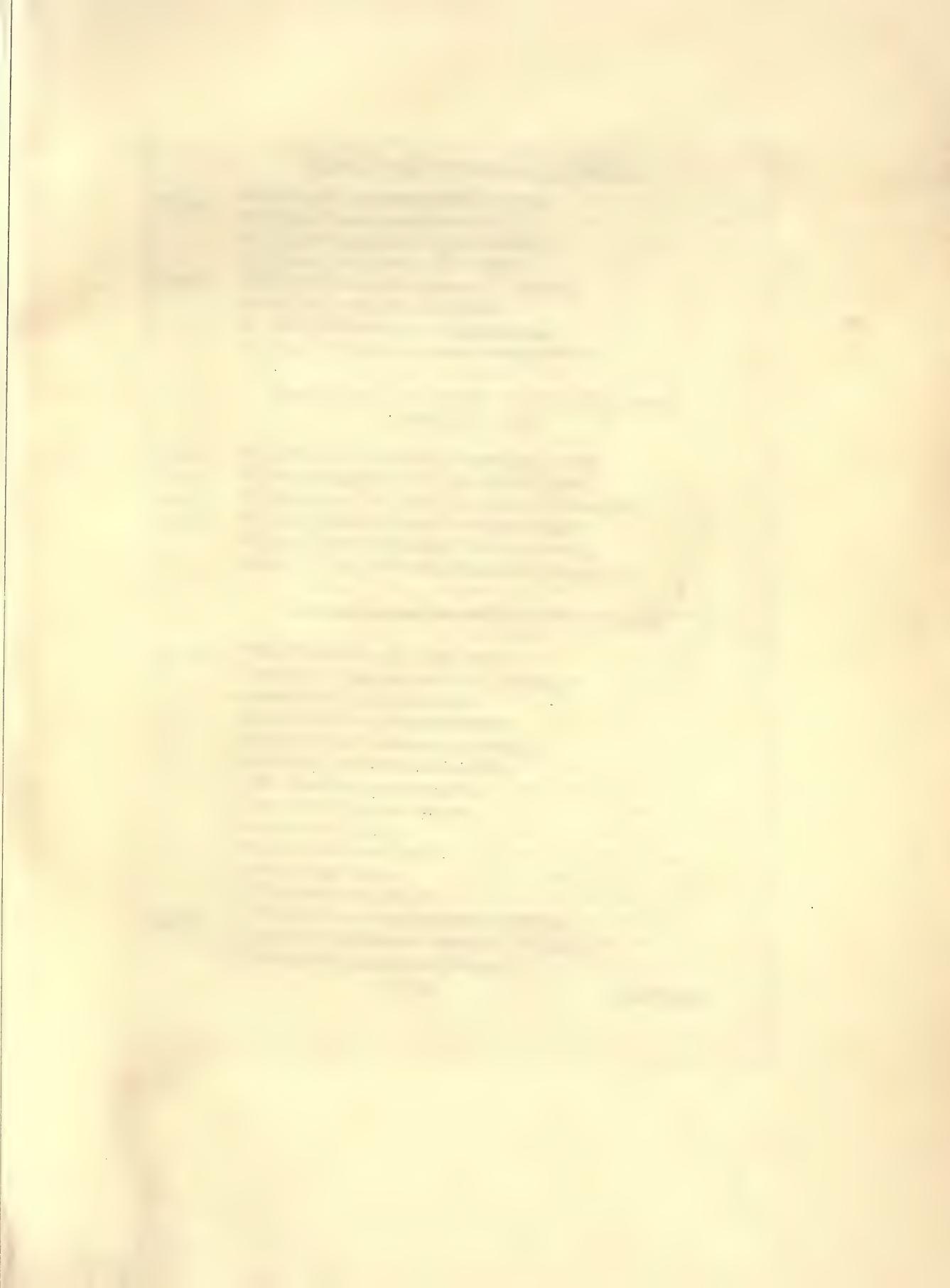
Corage. Q Now that here is none but you and I,  
I pray the deliner to me my part,  
Dispatch and geue me it by and by:  
And that I say with a willing hart,

Help. Q I know no part I haue of thine,  
Therefore of me thou gettest no part.

Corage. Q I will make the confesse a parte of mine,  
Or else I will make thy bones to smart.

Exempt.

When





## The Tyde taryeth no Man.

Help.

When the residue doe thereto agree,  
Then will I also geue thee a parte :  
But if they no part will giue unto thee,  
If I give thee any, beshew my harte.  
Help, are you at that poyn特,  
I will make you otherwise to say :  
Or else I will heate you in every toyn特,  
Now mayster Help, how like you this play.

Corage.

And fighteth to prolong the time, while Wantonnesse  
maketh her ready.

Help.

What hold thy hand man, arte thou so mad,  
To confesse me a part, I will make thee glad.  
A parte thou shalt haue, when home we doe come.  
Upon that condicione mine anger is done.  
A syra thynke you, to make me your knaue,  
And yet all the profit your selues you would haue.

Corage.

Help.

Corage.

Enter wastfulness the husband of Wantonnesse.

Wastful.

What ioy is like the linked life ?  
What hope might hold me from my wyfe ?  
Can man his tongue so frame,  
Or eke dispose me from my dame ?  
What doth my substance god to mee,  
I will therefore be franke and free.  
Where couples yong do mete,  
That pleyant peice so swete.  
My ioy for to declare,  
Whose bewty is so rare,  
In cosers lockt to lye,  
To serue my wyfe and I.  
Then doe you wisely, I sweare by S. Anne,  
Take time while time is, for time will away,  
The niggard is never counted a man.

Corage.

E. iij.

Therefore

## A new Commodity called

Vastful. Therefore remember to doe as you say.  
I warrant thee, what I haue sayd,  
Nothing I meane shalbe delayed.  
I will the same fullill,  
To ease and please my will.

elpe. Truly syr you doe wisely therein,  
For what god of hōrding issues :  
Undoubtedly I thinke it a sinne,  
And beastes they are, which the same doe vse.

Vastful. Use it who list, for me he shall, I meane to hōrd no stōre,  
I meane to serue my time withall, and then I seeke no more.

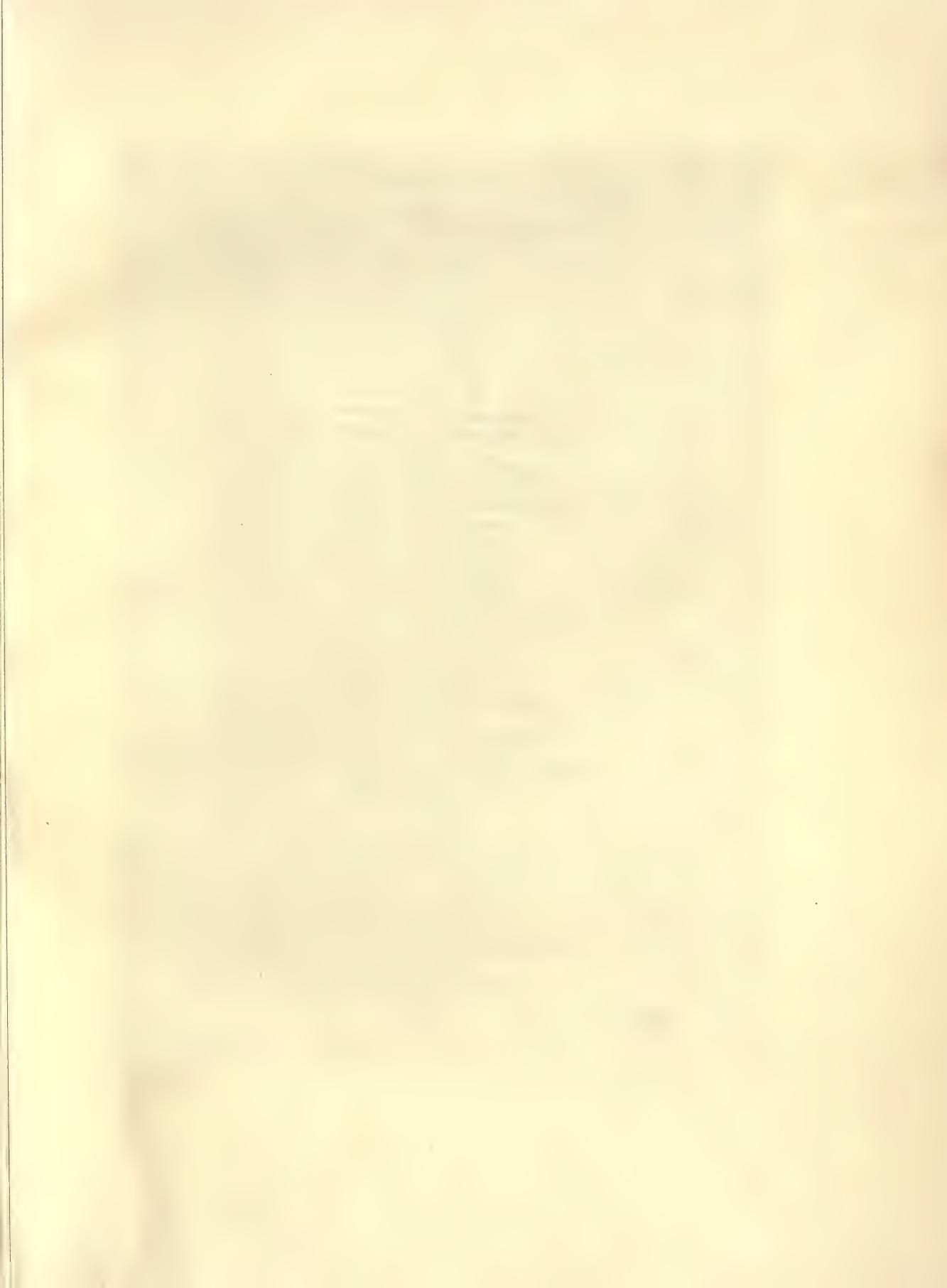
Wantonnesse enter.

Vanton. Jesus husband what doe you meane,  
To run abroade, and leaue me at home :  
You are such a man, as I haue not seene,  
I see well, hereafter you will leaue me alone.  
That so lōng begin from me to be straying,  
What man, it is yet but honny moone.

Faſtfull. What woman would you haue me alwayes playing ?  
So may we shorly both be vndone.  
As for pleasure there is a tyme,  
So for profit there is the like :  
Therefore I pray thee gentle wife mine,  
Be contented that my profit I seeke.

Vanton. Pea but husband I say consider in your mind,  
That now we are yong, and p̄haunt to play :  
But age approaching, makes vs lame and blind,  
And lusty corage doth then draw away.  
Then what may substance vs auayle,  
For age no pleasure doth regard :  
Therefore god sweete harte doe not quayle,  
Thinke never that the world is hard.  
Undoubtedly moche true it is.  
The woman herein doth truly say :

Sir





## The Tyde taryeth no Man.

¶ir haue not you heard before this,

Lyde taryeth no man, but will away.

Wastfull. ¶But better it is hardly to begin,  
And after in better estate to bee :  
Then fyft to be a lofste full trim,  
And after to fall to lower degrie.

Wanton. ¶Truely that is but a scotish toy,  
At the fyft to liue hardly and bare :  
Many we see misse that hoped toy,  
And then it proueth, for others they spare.  
Haue not many had, full sorrowfull harte,  
By losing of that which they did spare :  
Had they not better haue taken their partes,  
Then so for others, them selues to make bare.  
And what knowe we, if we shall liue,  
To take our partes of that we scrape :  
Would it not then your harte greue,  
To leaue your substance in such rate.

Wastful. ¶Pea but sweete harte, if waught we shall haue,  
When hereafter we shall aged war :  
Then had we better with vs in grane,  
Then neddy pouerty shoud vs ber.

Wanton. ¶Doubt you that such chaunce shall befall,  
Truely you are greatly bywyle :

¶We are able to keepe vs from such thrall,  
Spend, and God will send, else the prouerbe lyes,  
¶His sending woman, we dayly do see,  
Is a staffe and a wallet unto such :  
Who such excelligne spenders bee,  
Experiance thereof we haue to much.

Wastfull. ¶Well husband this talke is in dayne,  
Therefore cease so sharply to speake :  
For unlesse such talke you doe refrayne,  
I feare for unkindnesse my harte will breake.  
I little thought that you would thus,  
Haue now restrayned me of my will :

C.iii.

But

## A new Commodity called

But now right well I may dispense, She weepeth.

That you doe loue some other gill.

Wantful. ¶ Why woman doest thou thinkē that I,

Hauē thought all this while, as I haue sayd:

I did it onely thy mind to trye,

For pleasure in me, shall not be delayd.

While the time is, the time I will take,

What soever I list to say:

Of my gods no God I will make,

Wanton. ¶ A sayth are you such a one indeede,

By gisse you made me almost afeard:

My harte in my belly was ready to bledde,

When such foolish wordes in you I heard.

Help. ¶ I would haue counted him greatly vnwise,

If he were so foolish, as himselfe he made:

Foiles they are, which such pleasure despise,

But I knew that therein he would not wade.

And truely I am right glad to see,

That so god an agreement betwene you is:

For truely where couples doe so well agree,

It may not be chosen, but there is great blisse.

I am sorry that thus we must parte you two,

Corage it is time for vs to departe.

Wanton. ¶ But yet my frenfous before that you goo,

Of a song helpe vs to sing a parte.

By my troth husband we must needes haue a song,

Will you not helpe to further the same?

Wantful. ¶ Yes by my troth, so it be not long,

Or else you might count me greatly to blame.

Corage. ¶ And I am content a part for to beare.

Help. ¶ Then be sure I will helpe in with a share.

### The Song.

¶ Though

¶





## The Tyde taryeth no Man.

Though wastfulnesse and wantonnesse,  
Some men haue vs two named :  
Yet pleasantnesse and pleyantnesse,  
Our names we haue now framed.  
For as I one is pleasant, to kisse and to cully,  
The other is pleyant as euer was holly.  
As youth would it haue,  
So will we be brane.

To line in blisse, we will not misse,  
What care we for mens sayings :  
What ioy is this, to spoyle and kisse,  
But hurte comes in delayings.  
The one is full ready to the others becking,  
Betwene vs there is neither chiding, nor checking.  
As youth will it haue, &c.

Full brane and full fyne, we passe the tyme,  
Take tyme while tyme is byding :  
What ioy is thine, the same is mine,  
My mind shall not be syding.  
Our goods are our owne, why shold we spare,  
Or for tyme to come, why shold we care.  
As youth would it haue, &c.

Corage. Now friendes adue for we must depart,  
Wastfull. Farewell my gentle friendes withall my hart.  
Wanton. Well husband now I will home repayre,  
Wastful. To see that your dinner dressed be. Exiunt.  
Doe so wife, and see we haue good fare,  
I meane not long to tarry after thee. Pause.  
Whose ioy may be compared to mine,  
I haue a wife beutiful and gay :  
She is yong, pleasant, proper and fyne,  
And pleyant to please me both night and day.  
For whome shold I pinch, for whome shold I spare,  
Why

F.i.

## A new Commodity called

Why should I not be liberall and free,  
How ever the world goe I doe not care.  
I haue yrough for my wife and me,  
And if my substance chaunce to decay:  
I know my credite is not so ill,  
But that I can borow twenty pounds alway.  
To serue me at my pleasure and will,  
For repayment thereof, no care I will take:  
No matter it is if the same I may get,  
Whilke it lasteth, therewith I will merry make.  
What skils it though that I come in debt.  
Whilke yong I am, youthfull I will be,  
And passe my time in youthfull sorte:  
For as my wife here sayd vnto me,  
Age doth delight in no pleasant sport,  
Wherfore since pleasure I doe loue:  
In youth it behoues to take the same,  
Nothing there from my heart shall moue.  
But I thereto my heart will framis.  
I feare me that I tarry to long,  
My wife doe looke for me before this:  
Wherfore homeward I will be gone,  
For there is ioy and heauenly blisse.

Exiunt.

The Sergeant and the debtor rested entereth.

Debtor.

What infidelity in him doth rest,  
Who no time forbeareth to take his pray:  
Most like the greedy or sauadgo beast,  
Who in cruelty rageth both night and day.  
Might he not the space of one hermon stay,  
What care or mardo gane he to Gods word,  
Who at preaching thereof did me so disturbe.  
Is the Sabbath day, and Paules Crosse,  
A time and place to ver thy debtor?  
Or hast thou credynesse by me had any losse?  
Pay by me thou arte a hundereth pond the better,  
I speake of the least and not of the greater.

Per





## The Tyde taryeth no Man.

Sergeant. Yet I never denied, my debt for to pay,  
But in dede I requyred a longer day.  
¶ Tush sy, this talke is all but in bayne,  
Meane you thus the time to delay?  
Dispatch therefore, and please me for my payne,  
And toward the Counter, let vs away.

Debtor. ¶ So haste but god, stay yet a while,  
Or else take the payne with me for to walke:  
About the quantity of halse a mile,  
With a friend of mine, that I might talke.  
¶ For a Royall I will not so farre goe,  
Therefore set your heart at quyet.

Debtor. ¶ I meane to please no Sergeant so,  
I am no customer for your dyet.  
But since to goe, you doe not intend,  
You must take paynes here to tarry with me:  
Untill for a friend of mine I doe send,  
Which I trust shortly my bayle will be.

Sergeant. ¶ Neyther will I with thee here remayne,  
Therefore dispatch and let vs away:  
Thinkest thou that I having naught for my payne,  
Will eyther goe with thee, or heare for the stay.  
¶ And what wilt thou aske, with me here to stay?  
At one word let me that understand.

Debtor. ¶ At one word ten groates thou shalt pay,  
Or else to the Counter we must out of hand.  
¶ That will I doe with a right god will,  
Rather then so much thou shalt get:  
I will not so much thy minde fulfill,  
If that my harte, my hand may let.

Sergeant. ¶ Why then with spedē let vs away,  
This dede thou wist repente I frow.  
¶ Well, wheresoe now doe we say,  
I am ready hence to goe.

Sergeant. ¶ Come on then.

They two

Cl. 1614

## A new Commodity called

Christianity must enter with a sword, with a title of pollicy, but  
on the other syde of the tytle, must be written gods word, al-  
so a shield, wheron must be written riches, but on the  
other syde of the shield must be Fayth.

christian. **C**hristianity I doe represent,  
Use not though the sword of pollicy I beare :  
Seyther marueile not what is mine intent,  
That this fayleable shield of riches I weare.  
Greedy great, will haue it so every where,  
Greedy great for this cause I haue named,  
For that the greater parte vse greedines, which is to be  
As the greater parte will, thereto must I yield, (blamed).  
Their cruell forze I may not withstand:  
Therefor I beare this deformed sword and shield,  
Which I may be ashamed to hold in my hand,  
But the Lord deliuer me from their thaldome and band,  
For if the enemy assayle me, then am I in thall:  
Because I lack such Arnowre, as is taught by S. Paule,  
For in steade of Gods word, and the shield of fayth,  
I am deformed with pollicy, and riches vayne :  
And still I say, as the greater parte sayeth,  
I am still a christian, and so shall remayne,  
By Christianity say they, no damage doth sustaine:  
But alas they are deceiued, their armoure is not sure,  
For neyther pollicy, nor ryches, may long time indure.  
Yet vpon those two, we greatly depend,  
We say by pollicy, our selues we can saue,  
Riches as a shield, we say will defend,  
And by riches we possesse what euer we craue,  
So that for riches, we sell all that we haue.  
Not onely the body, and all thinges terestriall,  
But also the soule, which ought be celestiall.

Faythfull few enter.

**F**aythfull. Alas I lament to heare the report,  
Whiche of vs citicens in every place is spread:  
It is not long synce I came from the court,

Wheres





## The Tyde taryeth no Man.

Wher I would haue bene glad to haue hid my head.  
With the spoyle of the syngle, there they say were fed,  
So that so, the couetous greedines, which some cittizens vse,  
A shamefull ill reporte to the whole ensues.  
But I must needes confesse some among vs there be,  
For whose sakes the whole number beareth great blame:  
They abuse themselves so, towrdes every degree,  
As man without reason, and past wordly shame,  
Neither regard they their owne, nor their ill name.  
So they may haue the chasy treasure of the world,  
They passe not both with God and man to be abhord.  
There is no tyme nor place, that they will forbear,  
Wher any of their helpe hath moche neede:  
Then shall he pay treble for his money or ware,  
Or else of them he is not like to spedde.  
They nothing regard his pouerty or neede,  
But who is it which ponder both stand? he goeth toward him,  
Holding the sword of pollicy in his hand,  
Moste certayne I am, that face I should know,  
Syr is not your name Christianity?

Christian. ¶ Yes vndoubtedly, my name is so,  
As you are saythfull few imbraser of verity.

Faythfull. ¶ And shall the sword of pollicy, by Christianity be borne,  
Truely that is contrary to your nature and kinde:  
Now are you deformed like a thing forlorne,  
Which maketh me suspect, of me in my minde.

Christian. ¶ Oh Faythfull felwe, of me haue no doubt,  
I am Christianity, though thus deformed:  
And though thus abused, by the great route,  
Yet by God I trust, my tytle shalbe turned.

Faythfull. ¶ By the power of God I wil not delay, he turneth the titles  
To turne this tytle moste untrue and say ned,  
And I will indue thee, and that straight way,  
With such weapons, as Saynt Paul hath ordyned.

Christian. ¶ Alas in sayng this payne vndoe take,  
For as you saythfull, vnumble ore few,

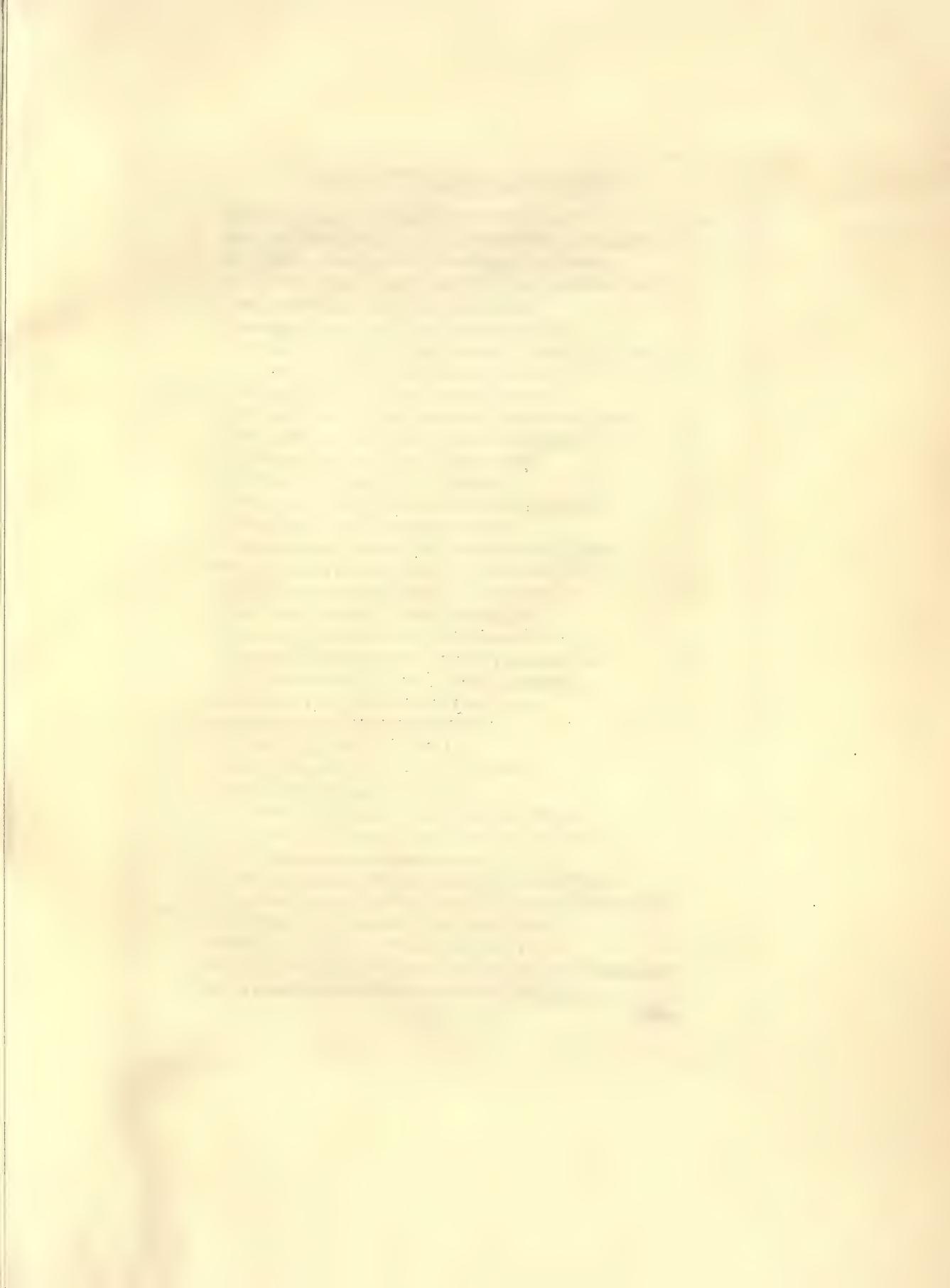
## The Tyde taryeth no Man.

So the power is but small that you can make,  
To resist the greedy great ones, who are agaynst you.  
ythfull. Q Si Deus nobiscum, quis contra nos,  
If God be with vs, who may vs resist,  
Weigh not then the number, but weigh his purpose,  
Who ruleth all thinges, as himselfe doth list.  
I know how Greedinesse, with the great part is vsed,  
Their pilling, pouling, pinching and spoylng :  
How both the simple and others, with them are abused,  
They lie by the fruities of other mens toylng.  
But God is not dead, neyther is he a sheepe,  
Although so a lame his hand he doth hold :  
Yet doth he remember his little sheepe,  
And will reuenge the wrong done to his folde.

Corage and Greedines enter as though they  
saw not Christianity.

rage. Let them say what they wil, doe thou as I told theſe,  
Trust thou not to any knaue of them all :  
Not a Preacher of them all, in thy neede will uphold theſe,  
Cry them who will, their devotion is small.  
greedines. Q Thou wilt not beleue how the knaue did prafe,  
Ye citizens repente, thus he did crye,  
Loke about in time quoth he, wylt be to late,  
For the vengeance of God at hand is full nye.  
As though he knew what were in Gods minde,  
Surely it is a shame, they are so fuffered to lye.  
rage. Q But in my talkie great profyte thou doſte synde,  
They are all lyers as their talke doth trye,  
By my doctrine thou haſſe a great profyte and gayne,  
Great riches and ſubſtaunce, therby thou doest win :  
To inſtruct the dayly I take great paine,  
Which way thou haſt thy riches bring in.  
greedines. Q Thou doest ſo in deede, and thankes I thee give,  
But ſyrra, now I remeber a thing :  
Which made me not long ſince, to laugh in my ſcene,  
To me a yong Gentleman the Broker did bring,

goldſone





## A new Commodity called

Whose Father was dead of late as it seemed,  
And his landes in Poyage to a Marchaunt was layde,  
Wherefore it behoued the same were redemeed,  
For the day was at hand, when the same should be payde,  
And I perceauing his neede to be such,  
I thought I would pinch him o2 that I went,  
To glouc mine owne assing, he did not greatly gryde,  
And when I had girded him, thence I him sent.

Faythfull. I doze shame for thee, and such as thou art,  
That with life thou arte permitted, it is great pitty,  
Thou arte a Christyan with a canckered heart,  
And the cause of reproch to a whole citie.  
Christianity by thee is greatly abused,  
Of his righteous Armour, thou doest him bereave,  
And in stead therof, by him to be vsed,  
The Armour of Sathan, with him thou doste leue.

Greedines. Why would you not haue me, how to invent,  
Which way were best to bring in my gayne?

Faythfull. But not in such sort, to set thine intent,  
That all the world of thee shoule complayne.

Greedines. I crye you mercy, I know where you are now,  
In a Courtyers behalfe, this oration you make,  
Of late there was one, complayned how,  
Excessive gayne of him I did take,  
It is the cast of them all so to say,  
When prodigally their money is spent:  
O2 if the Prince will them not pay,  
Then on the Marchaunt, some lyes they inuen.

Faythfull. Arte thou not ashamed of thy Prince to speake ill e  
Thine owne abused doing to excuse:  
No marueyle though the citie haue all mens ill will,  
When both in word and deede, thy selfe thou doest misse.  
Sed Reginum est male, audire cum beserent,  
Antisthenes doth truely this saying resite,  
It is genen to Princes (sayeth he) though they be benenolent,  
To be euell spoken of which is agaynst all right.

## A new Commodity called

greedines. **S**yr you are best say no more, then yea are able to prove,  
Least I make you to repent your boldnesse,  
For if my pacience you to much da moue,  
I may chaunce turne your heate into a coldnesse.  
**W**hy I lende my money like a friend so; god will,  
And thereby doe helpe men at their neede.

Faythfull. **A** friend thou arte in deede, though a friend but ill,  
Pithagoras thy friendship, hath playnely decreede,  
There be many sayth he, who no friendes do lacke,  
And yet of friendship they haue but shant,  
So thou arte a friend for their moneys sake,  
And yet thy friendship they alwayes shall want.

christian. **A**ssuredly thou highly offendest,  
For that so double in dealing thou arte:  
Aristotle sayeth, by the same thou pretendest,  
And not so to beare a dissembling harte.  
A Christian ought not unto riches to yeld,  
For it is a thing but sayable and bayne,  
Riches is no perpetuall shielde,  
But the shielde of Fayth shall euer remayne.  
Take therefore sayth, and Gods word for thy sworde,  
And arme Christiatiy in this wise.

Greedines. **S**hall pollicy and riches then be abhord,  
**S**yr they are scodes that them will despise.  
I put case pouerty should me assayle,  
Can Gods word and sayth me any thing ayde?  
Pouerty agaynst riches can never auayle,  
I am sure syr this may not be denayde.

Faythfull. **W**e deny not, but in this world, riches beare the sway,  
Yet, it not riches to be called sure:  
For in Gods power it is to make riches decay,  
Whereas Gods word and sayth shall euer endure.

Greedines. **B**ut gene me riches, take you Gods word and sayth,  
And see which of vs shall haue the better gayne.

christian. **N**ow Faythfull felw, you here what he sayth,  
Therefore to turne the tytles I must be sayne,

Well





## The Tyde taryeth no Man.

Faythfull. ¶ Well since it will no better be,  
To God let vs the cause betake :  
Whome I trust, when as time he doth see,  
He will for vs, a deliueraunce make.

Corage. ¶ Come Payster Welthinesse, let vs away,  
What should we here any longer doe ?

Greedines. ¶ In dede I hold it best as you say,  
Therefore your saying I agree vnto. They two go out.

Faythfull. ¶ Sorry I am, to see his estate,  
How neare he is, to the founte of perdition :  
God graunt him repentaunce, or it be to late,  
That of his sinnes he may haue remission.

Christian. ¶ But alas, he goeth the contrary way,  
For of his covetousnesse, he taketh no ruth :  
And Aristotle I remember doth say,  
The covetous man cannot learne the truthe.

Faythfull. ¶ Wherefore he cannot, or will not know,  
The way to reforme me Christianity :  
Wherefore from this place now I will goe,  
To pray vnto God to shew him the verity.

Faythfull. ¶ Now Faythfull se w adue vnto thes,  
I will pray vnto God for thy comfort and ayd :  
I beseech thes make like intercession for me,  
And that my reformation be not long delayd. Exiunt.

Faythfull. ¶ Doubt not thereso godes Christianity,  
By indeuour herein shall not be delayde :  
Alas what is man not knowing the verity,  
No man, but a beast he may be sayd.

Faythfull. ¶ Yet many there are, whiche in the world doth lye,  
Who for Christians will needes accounted be :  
Though to all abominationes, their selues they doe gine,  
And from no kind of vice be cleare or free.

Faythfull. ¶ Covetousnesse is accounted no sinne,  
Usury is a science and art :  
All wayes are god, wherby we may wond,  
Although it be to our neigbours smart.

## A new Commodity called

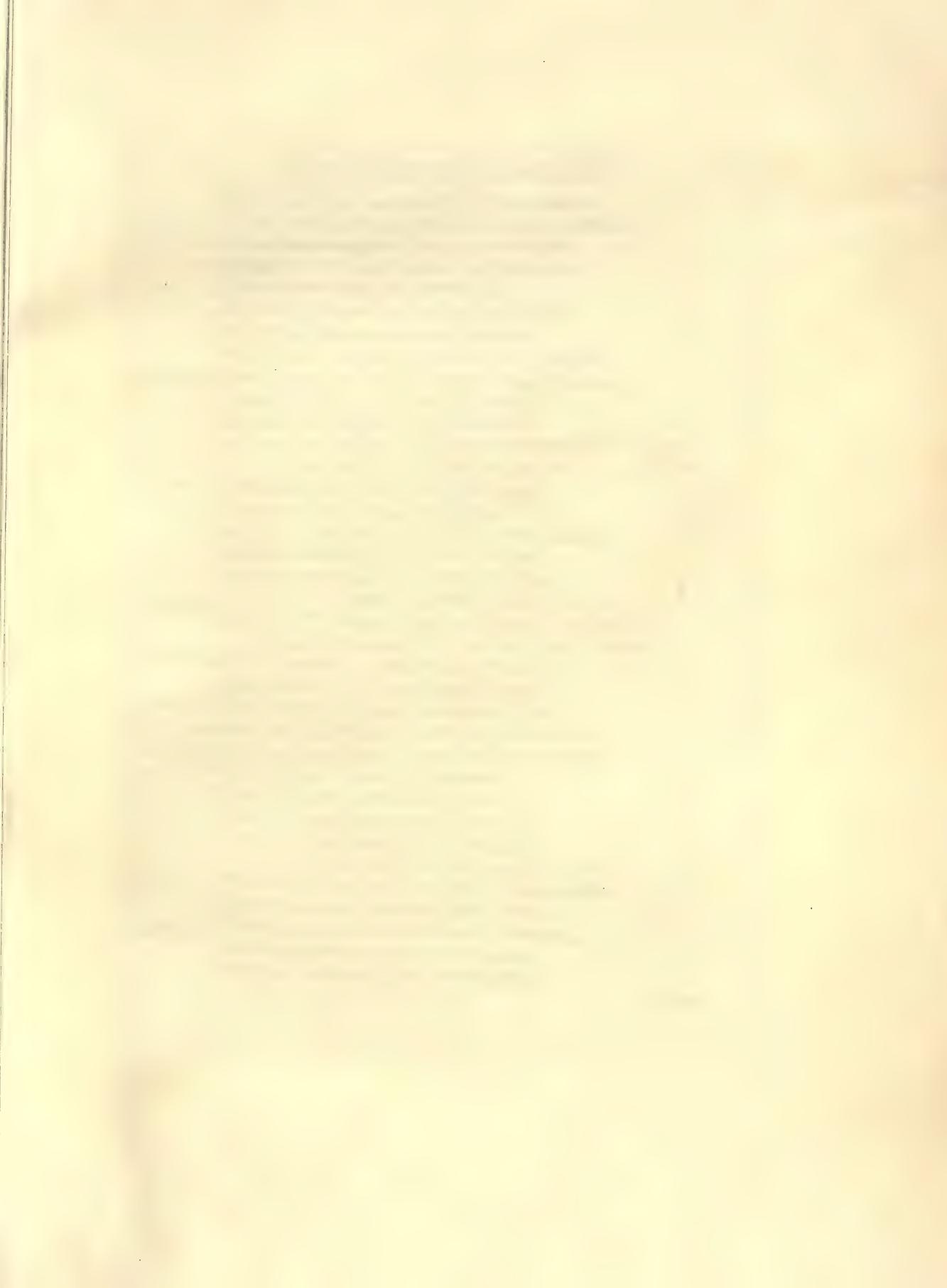
Whereby it appeareth, from loue we are free,  
The wods of the wile, we nothing regarde :  
For without loue, no vertue can perfect bee,  
As Plato the wylde, hath playfully declarde.  
No god thing without loue, it is possible to doe,  
Seneca of that opinion hath bene :  
Even how many god thinges, do they now thinke you,  
In whome no loue at all there is scene.  
They watch their times, the simple to snare,  
No time they forbeare, their pleasures to woxe :  
God graunt we therefore if them may beware,  
For priuily to snare vs, they dayly doe lurke.

Enter Wastfulnesse poorely.

Oh more then wretched, which so switly haste spent,  
Not onely thine own gods, but also other mens :  
What account shall I make, for the gods to me lent,  
Which never I am able for to recompence.  
How wretchedly haue I, with wantonnesse my wile,  
Consumed our gods, substance and treasure,  
That would to God I were out of my life,  
For the remembrance theroft, is grete without measure.  
My wyle and I wold, are asunder dispersed,  
Ech of vs, to sake our living alone :  
Alas, our woe may not be rehearsed,  
Unto whome now shold we make our mons,  
In taking the time, to toward we weare,  
We were afeard to long to abide :  
Corages councell in mind we did beare,  
He sayd that for no man would tarry the tyde.  
But well away now, which way shall I run,  
I know it is solly unto God to call :  
For God I know my petition will shun,  
And into perdition I am now like to fall.  
Dispayre, dispayre.

Dispayre enter in some ougly shape, and stand  
behind him.

Why





# The Tyde taryeth no Man.

Why should I dispayre, since God doth behold,  
The sinner with mercy as the Scripture doth say.

Dispaire. ¶ But thy prodigall sinnes are so manifold,  
That God of mercy, doth thee utterly denay.  
Therefore to ende thy life it is best,  
Thy calling for mercy, is all but in vayne;  
By ending thy life, thou shalt be at rest,  
But if longer thou live, great shall be thy Payne.

Wastfull. ¶ Well then will I seeke some place where I may,  
Finishe my life with Cord, or with knyfe:  
The dispatch thereof, I will not delay,  
Farewell now all the world, but cheefely my wife. Fayne a  
Faythfull few plucketh him agayne. (going out.

Faythfull. ¶ Hoste stay a whyle, and be not so rash,  
Thinkest thou God unmercifull to be:  
Wilt thou trust dispayre, even at the fyft dash,  
Hast thou no fayth in Gods mercy so free,  
Call upon god with repentaunce and fayth,  
By such wyes and meanes as I will instruct thee.

Wastfull. ¶ I belue God is mercifull, as the Scripture layeth.  
They both kneele, and Wastfull sayeth after Faythfull,

Faythfull. ¶ Well follow mee, and I will conduct thee.  
Oh heauenly Father pardon my offence.

Wastfull. ¶ Oh heauenly father, pardon mine offence.

Faythfull. ¶ And graunt that thy mercy may to me repayre.

Wastfull. ¶ And graunt that thy mercy may to me repayre,

Faythfull. ¶ Also O Father banish thou hence,

Wastfull. ¶ Also O Father banish thou hence.

Faythfull. ¶ That wicked Monster of Dispayre,

Wastfull. ¶ That wicked Monster of Dispayre.

Dispayre flyeth, and they arise.

Faythfull. ¶ How seest thou now, thy conscience and minde,  
Hoyest thou not, of gods mercy and grace?

Wastfull. ¶ Well God be praysed that here I thinke,

How happy was I to approach this place.

Dispayre is now fled, I perfectly know;

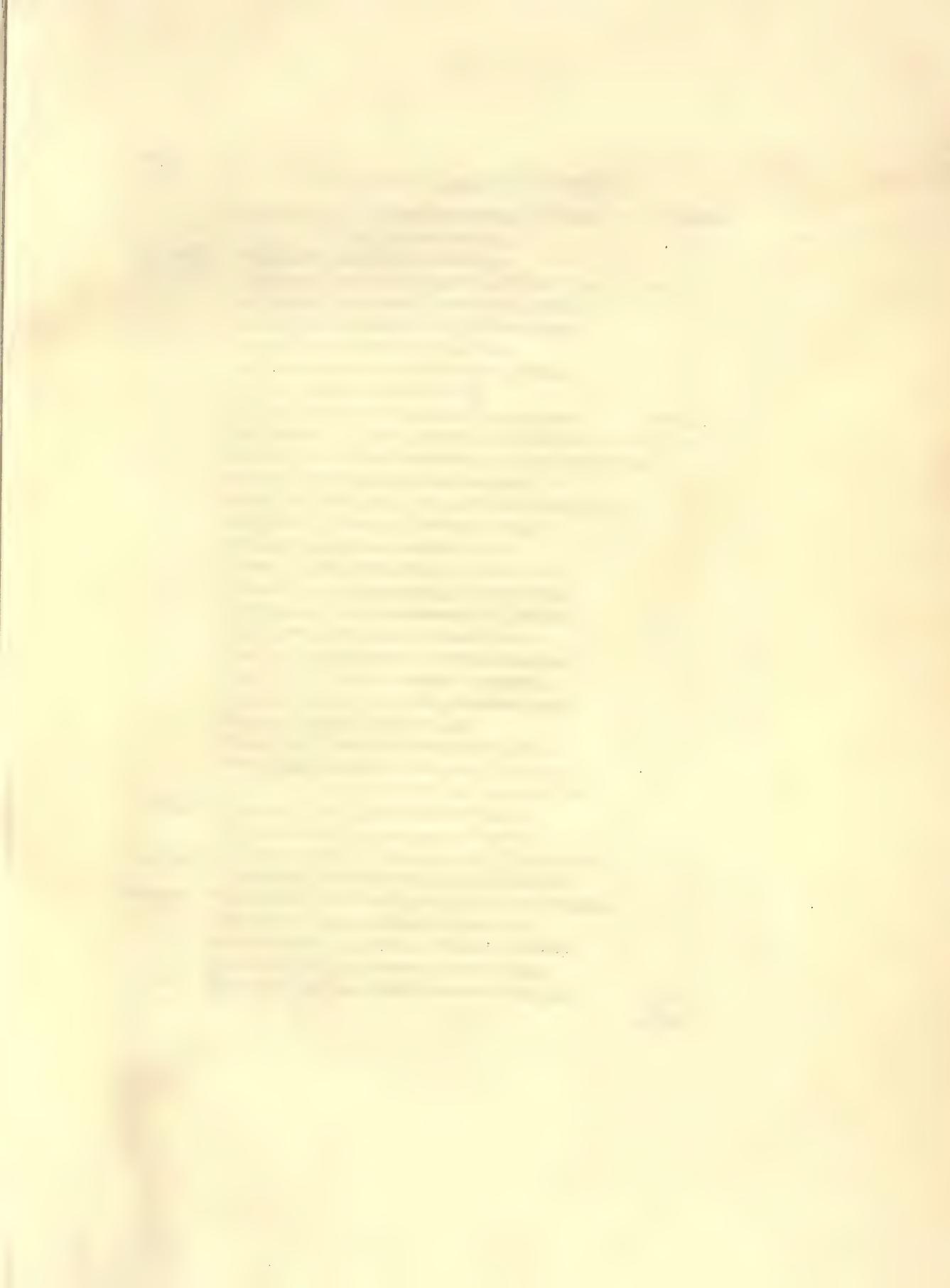
¶

¶

## A new Commodity called

And in Gods mercy I hymely doe trust,  
Therefore O Lord deliver me from thrall:  
And pardon me a sinner, most vile and vnjust,  
ythfull. ¶ That is very well sayd, if so thou doe thinke,  
And now staine thy selfe, thy life to amend,  
Let dispayre no more into thy mind sincke:  
But to be a new man, doe thou now pretend.  
And as hertofore thy mind soz to please,  
Thou haste learned the Lyde will tarry no man,  
So now it behoueth soz thy greater ease,  
That saying, after Gods will soz to scan.  
Take time while time is, thus I doe meane,  
Amend thy life whilst here thou haste space:  
To Gods mercifull promises see that thou leane,  
So shalt thou enjoy the Tide of his grace.  
¶ To follow your councell, I will doe my indeuour,  
I will seeke the same in all pointes to performe:  
The effect of your wordes I will forget neuer,  
And now I will hence, my wile to reforme.  
That she and I, in manner new,  
Pay amende our lynes, to Gods glory and prayse:  
Wheresoer godly vnto you adue,  
I beseech the Lord to send thee god dayes.  
ythfull. ¶ We holde the time takers their fact doth repent,  
Who no time will spare in pleasing their will:  
And although the beginning haue a pleasaunt sente,  
Yet of the ending, the taste is as ill.  
For who euer it be that without measure,  
Doth consume his substance in prodigall sorte:  
Although he had aboundinge of treasure,  
Yet will he be a begger, and that in time shorte.  
I marueile where Authority is,  
Who should see a helpe soz the simple oppressed:  
Many thinges therow are greatly amisse,  
Whiche by his meanes must needes be redressed.  
His absence greatly disquieteth my minde,

Exiunt.





# A new Commodity called

I will not cease seeking, vntill him I do finde. Exiug.

Enter Corage weeping.

Corage. But alas this tydinges are ill,  
My friend mayster Greedynesse, hath ended his dayes,  
Dispayre vpon him hath wrought his will,  
And desperately now he is gone his wayes.  
As one enraged and out of his wit,  
No remembraunce of God he would haue:  
Alas pore man he had a great fit,  
Before that well he was layde in his graue. (himselfe)  
Why but is Greedynesse dead in god sadnesse, reasoning with  
My thinkes these newes are not true which you tell:  
Yes truely he dyed in a great madnesse,  
And went with the Lyds boate straight into hell.  
Why sole, Greedynesse will nener dye,  
So long as couetous people do liue:  
Then you belike doe thinke that I doe lye,  
I am as honest a man as any in your sleeve,  
I am sure he is dead, or one in his likenesse,  
For when he was buryed I stood by:  
And some sayd he dyed of the new sicknesse,  
Therefore syz thinke not that I doe lye.  
For I am as sorry for the death of the man,  
As any man that liueth this day:  
Wherefore I must needes weepe if I can.  
But busht some body is comming this way.

Enter Authority and Faythfull few.

Faythfull. Surely Authority the same is even he,  
I warrant you syz, you neede not to doubt.

Authori. Then wyll we handle him kindly thou shalt see,

Therefore syz that from vs hee escape not out.

Corage. God save your honour, and prosper your estate,

I am glad to see you approuch this place:

I dose which say ill of you, I utterly doe hate,

I answeare for your honour in every case.

Autho. A hasty captiue, why dissemblest thou so?

## A new Commodity called

Doest thou thinke that vs thou mayest so blind,  
Thy contagious dwinges we right well do know,  
And eake thy property, nature and kind.  
Thou art an encorager to all kinnes of vice,  
The Aȝd to auarice, and greedy deyze,  
The yonger sorte lack none of thine aduise,  
To all such acts as the Devill doth require.

orage. ¶ Loe Syr, I thought you did me mistaie,  
I know right well, the man whome you meane,  
To fetch him heather, god spede I will make,  
I warrant you, I wil shortly be here agayn. Fayne to go out  
yfthfull. ¶ Nay softe he is here, whome that we would haue,  
Therefore you neede not him for to fetch.

orage. ¶ Yes I will fetch him, for he is a very knaue, (out.  
And almes it is, that a rope he shoule stretch. Still fayn to go  
authori. ¶ Upon thy selfe, iust iudgement thou doest gine,  
Iuuenal sayeth, Citties are well governed,  
Whereas such rebelles are now suffered to liue,  
But after their deserthes, are iustly punished.

orage. ¶ They which are Rebelles, it behoueth in deede,  
That they be corrected and punished so,  
For they doe much harme in every stede,  
But I am none such, I would you shoule know.

authori. ¶ Thou shalt know what thou art, or hence we depart,  
Faythfull seyn vpon him lay holde.

orage. ¶ By gis sir, their I will cause him to smart,  
Therefore to touch me, be not so bold.

Faythfull ¶ Syr see where commeth Correction also.

Correction enter.

Autho. ¶ Drawneare Correction and thyn office doe,  
Take here this captiue vnto the Jayle.

Correcti. ¶ Syr to doe your comandement I will not sayle,  
Come on Syra and let vs away.

orage. ¶ Nay softe a whyle your wisedome stay,  
Hold me when you haue me, but you haue me not yet,  
And perhaunce ere you haue me, your nose I will hit.

¶ Thinkes





# The Tyde taryeth no Man. I

Correcti. ¶ Thinkest thou with bragges to make me afraid,  
And beginneth to lay handes on him.

Corage. ¶ You are best stand further, least I shawe your beard.  
I hey striue, he draweth his dagger and tyggeth.

Correcti. ¶ In sayth sir, now I wil geue you the chek, & catcheth him.

Corage. ¶ Oh gods palyon, wilt thou breake my neck?  
Is there no man here that hath a wroght wife,  
If he will in my stead, he shall end his life.

Correcti. ¶ Lush let vs hence, thy talke is in bayne.

Corage. ¶ Sithis there is no remedy, best is a short payne. Exit.

Faythfull. ¶ When all malisafactoris are duely thus punished,  
According to the god and godly lawes,  
Then shall Christianity duely be burnished,  
And to prayse God, we shall hane cause.

Autho. ¶ O Faythfull few, doubt not but as we,  
Are able Ch. iitianities estate to reforme:  
Sohis reformation in short time thou shalt see,  
For we for his estate doe lament and mourne.  
Of our selues we are not able to compasse this thing,  
But by this sword of Gods power, which to vs is lent:  
Wherefore Faythfull few, haue thou no doubting,  
But we ther unto doe gladly consent.  
For to Socrates saying, some respect we haue,  
Wh o sayeth a city is not to be prayzed,  
For the greatness or buildings, gorgious and brane,  
But for the god inhabitauntes, which therein are placid.  
So we accoumpt those countreyes but ill,  
Wh ich vicious persons doth mainteine and noxid,  
Although they haue all thidres At their will,  
And although in treasure they aboundingly florish.

Faythfull. ¶ Oh noble Authority, by this your occasion,  
Great tranquillity to vs shall befall:  
We shalbe a ioy to eth godly nation,  
When Christianity is delivered from thrall,  
For better it were unchristened to be,

¶ C. iij.

¶ The

## The Tyde taryeth no Man.

Then our Christianity for to abuse :  
The Jewish Infidell to God doth more agr e,  
Then such as Christianity do to miluse.  
But see yonder where he doth appear e,  
Whome abused armour doth greatly oppresse.

Christianity enter in as at the fyre.

hour. ¶ Christianity unto vs draw neare,  
That we thy abused estate may redresse.  
And as freely as this power unto vs is lent,  
Here we now by force of the same :  
To the sayfull fewe do here condicent,  
That thou Christianities estate shalt frame.  
In such god forme, fasshion, and shape,  
As the same shall not be turned agayne :  
But shall continue in a Godly rate,  
From henceforth evermore to remayne.

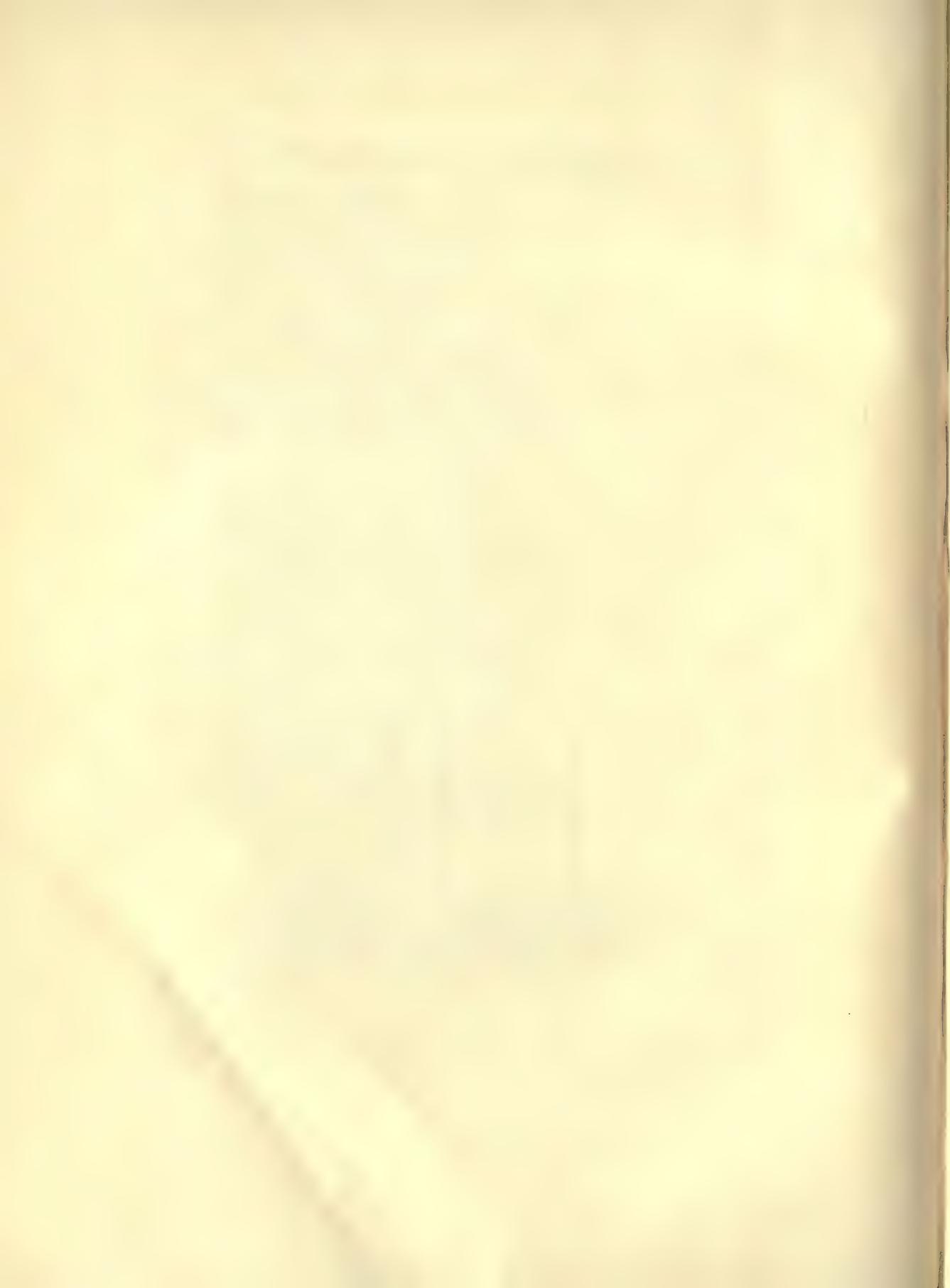
thfull. ¶ God graunt that this may bekept,  
As all Christians it may become :  
And so my partie shall not be slept,  
But my duty shall straight way be done. he turneth the tides.

ristian. ¶ Now God be praysed who thus agayne,  
Hath resto red me to my former estate :  
And hath extinguisched from me all Payne,  
God graunt that now I be not founde vngrate :  
And God graunt that all Christians may me duly imbr ase,  
In such estate as Gods will it is :  
So shall they be sure of a resting place,  
In Heaven where reaigneth all joy and blisse.

3. 1A 56





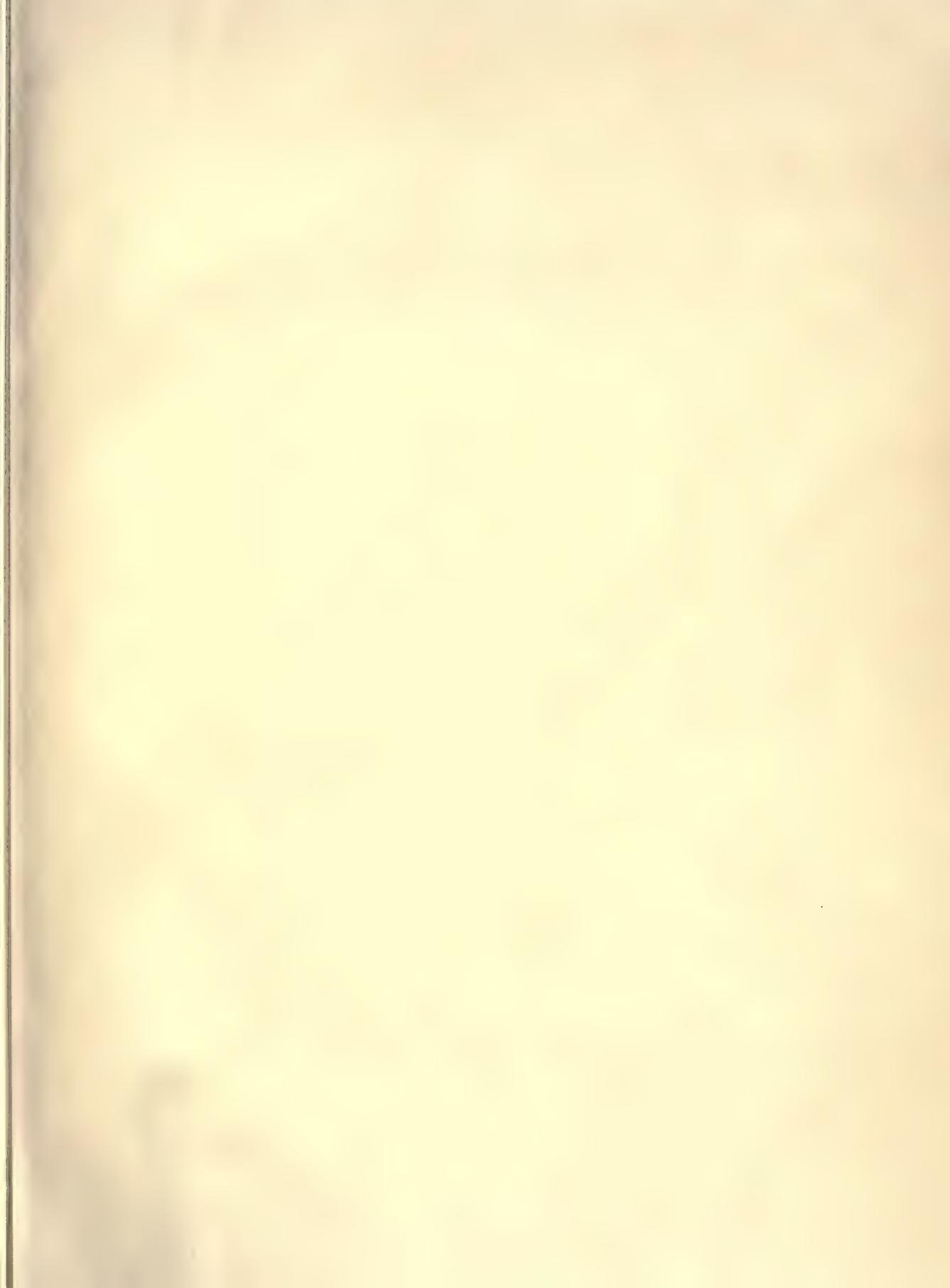




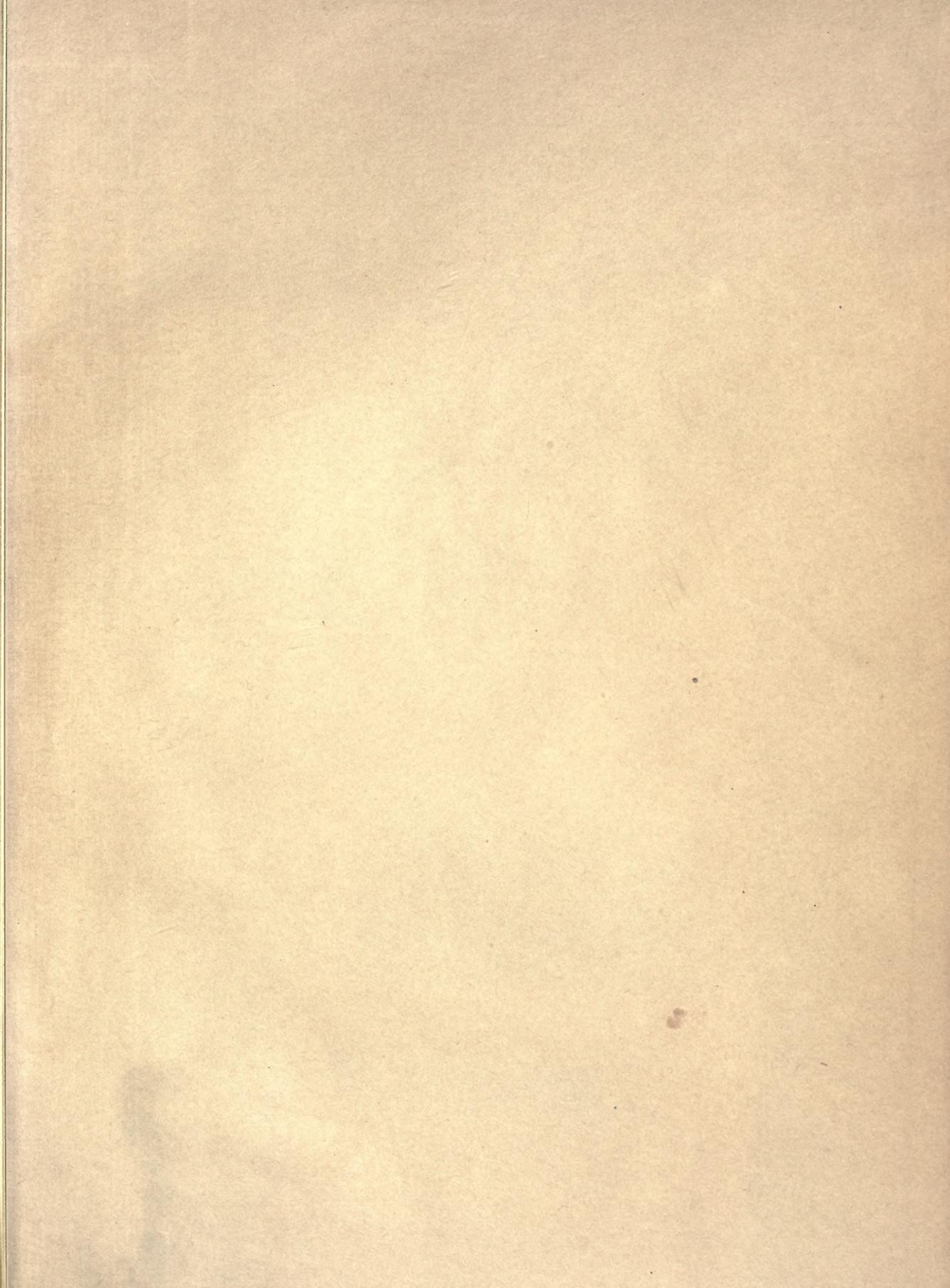


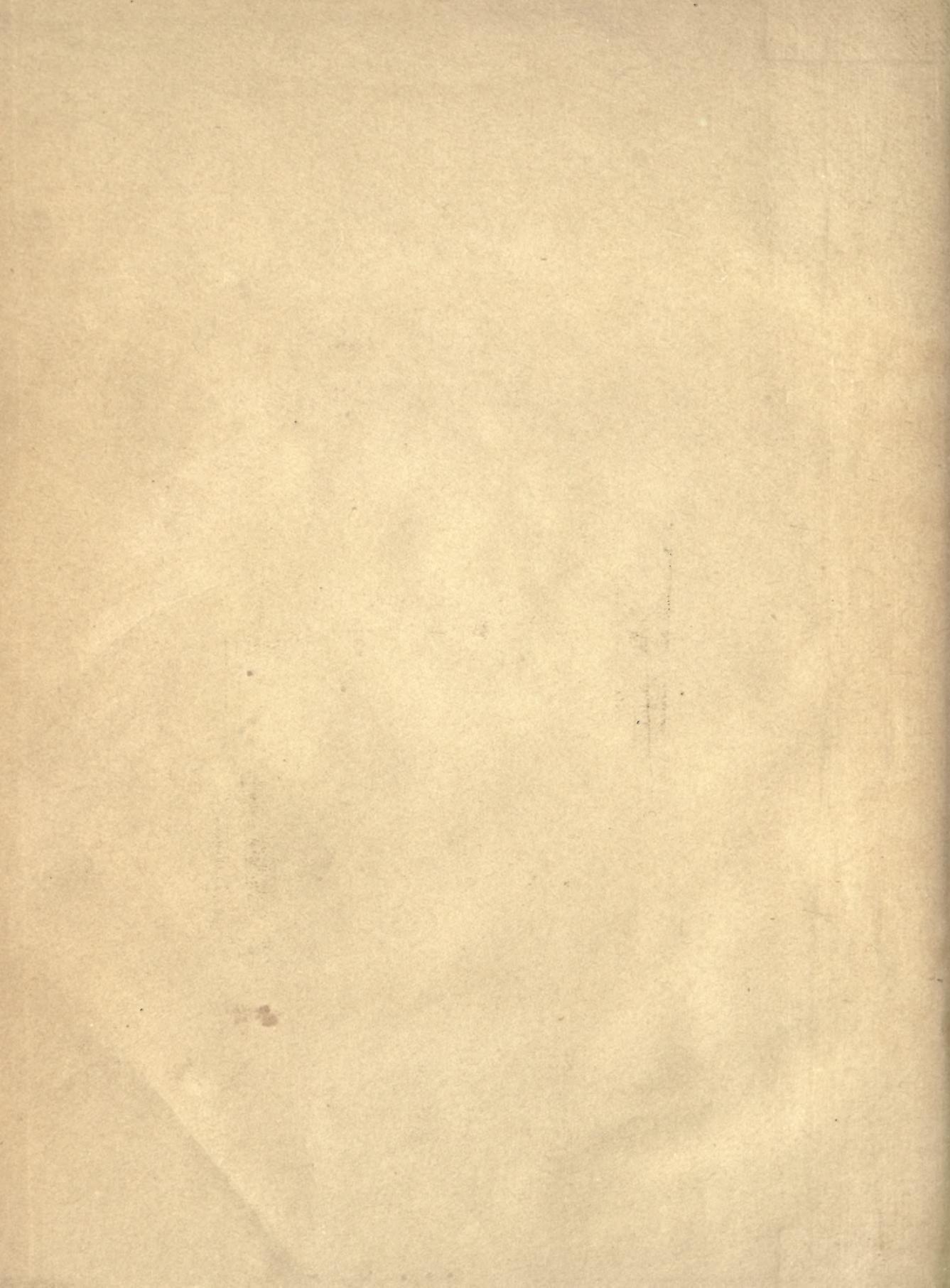












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